

SEPTEMBER No. 47

SPECIAL OUTA' SPACE ISSUE \*

PDC



LET US ENTERTAIN YOU

# SICK

30¢

Costs a little more...  
but then it promises  
a little less!

\* OUTA' SPACE, OUTA' TIME, OUTA' IDEAS, OUTA' LUCK and OUTA' OUR MINDS!

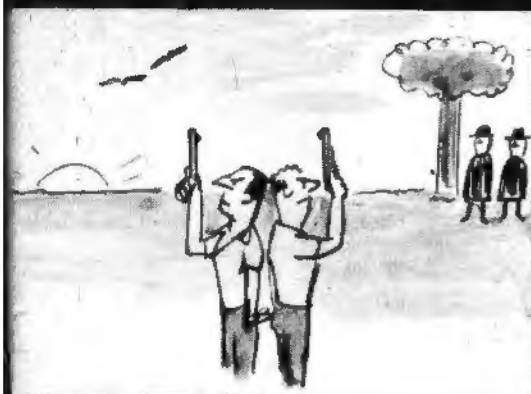


JOE SACKS



Stewardess, will you page  
a Mr. Burton and tell him  
I got his bag by mistake?





47th Edition

# SICK

The magazine with a KICK!



Vol. 6,  
No. 7

September,  
1966

## TV SCENES THAT MAKE MORE SENSE

A SICK article which shows how certain TV series could make more sense—and if you can figure it out let us know, as we're interested in how SICK articles could make more sense! These TV scenes will really grab you—when you read them you'll want to clutch your throat in agony! ..... 20

## SICK CAREER LIMERICKS

More scintillating poetry written by a fellow who's being compared to an Ogden Nash—not the famous poet, but the Utah car!..... 42

## MOVIE REVIEW: THE 10TH VICTIM

You'll be the 11th victim if you read this zany review of a real tongue-in-cheek movie—The film stars Ursula Andress, a lady who you've seen a lot of in our other movie reviews—in fact, if you've only seen Ursula once you've seen a lot of her! ..... 15

## NEW JOBS CREATED BY AUTOMATION

A glimpse at the many new jobs that Automation will create—like ferinstance, there'll always be a need for a guy to come in and oil the machines! For your information, the clod who thought up this article will probably be out of a job even before Automation comes!..... 22

## NEW GIMMICKS IN DOLLS

Since we now have dolls that wet their pants, this article shows what we may expect in the future—like dolls who, after 9 months, give birth to other dolls! The illustrations were drawn by the famous "New Yorker" cartoonist, Bernie Wiseman—and since he handed them in we found there's a Bernie Wiseman doll on the market! ..... 26

## LOOK WHO'S TALKING

It's been said that we write the funniest captions ever seen—actually, we're like the guys who said it! ..... 48

## ABOUT THE COVER

The front cover is unique, in that it's the first magazine cover ever painted with Latex wall-paint (courtesy Peerlux Paints). It's true, no kidding! And if it wasn't a summer scene, ye artist Joe Simon would've given it another coat!

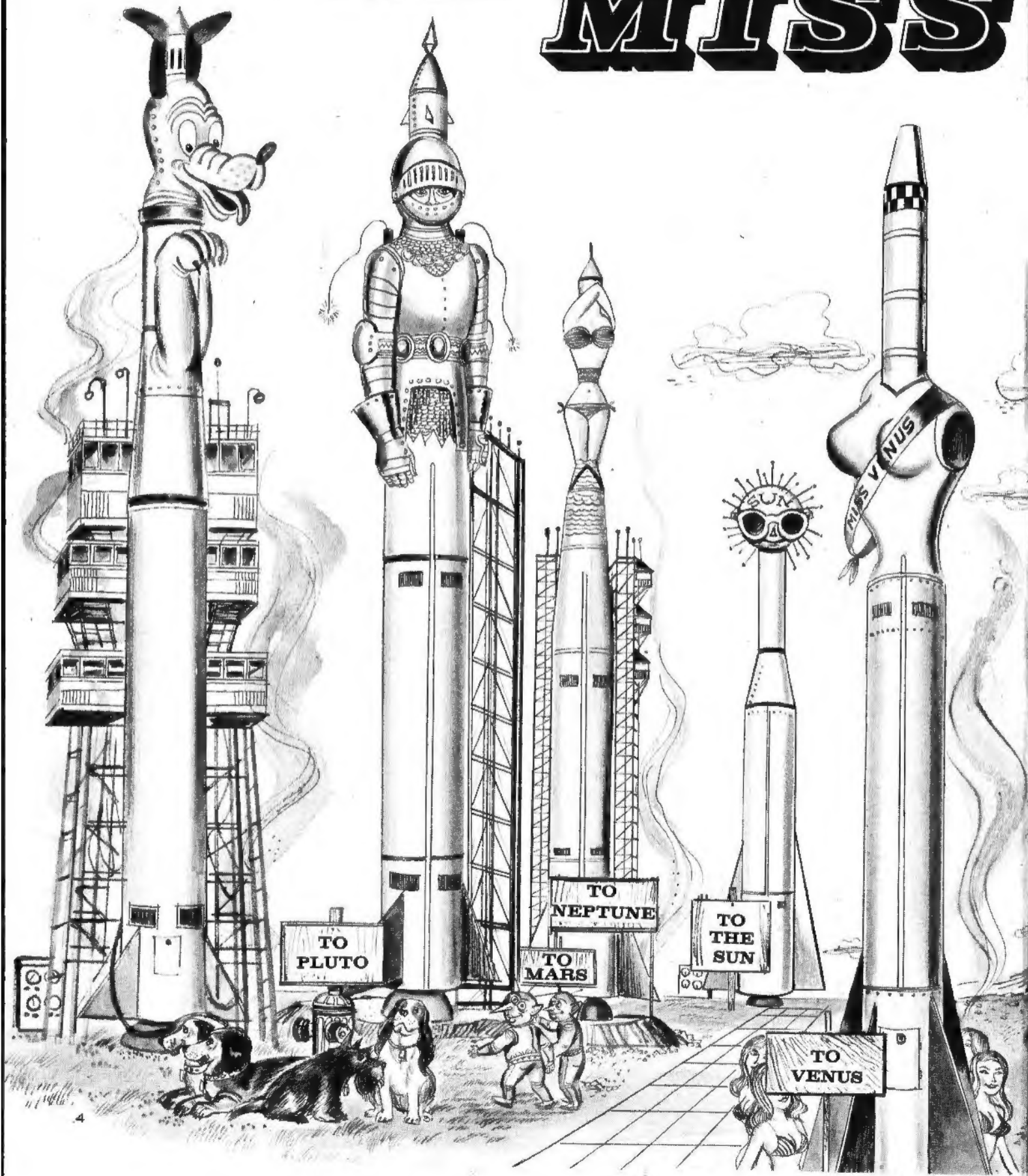
Joe Simon, *Editor*... Bob Powell, *Art Director*... Melissa Jane, *Messages*  
Paul Laikin, *New York Correspondent*... Jim Atkins, *Washington Correspondent*  
Fred Wolfe, *Correspondent At Large*

SICK is published monthly, except January, April, July and October by Crestwood Publications, Inc., Editorial and executive offices 32 West 22nd Street, New York 10, New York. Single copy 30¢; subscription rate in the United States and possessions, \$2.40 for 8 issues. Elsewhere, \$3.00. Second-Class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and all material must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Entire contents copyright 1966 by Crestwood Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyrighted under the Universal Copyright Conventions and the International Copyright Convention, reserved under the Pan American Convention. Printed in U.S.A.

Jack Scott, *West Coast*  
Angelo Torres, *Pa.*  
Lynn Lichty, *Ohio*  
Bob Elliott, *Space*  
Jack O'Brien, *Florida*  
Fred England, *Texas*  
Ivan Golownjew, *Moscow*  
Calvin Castine, *Champlain*  
Dot Brooks, *N.J.*

The trouble with missiles is that they all look alike. We call them by different names but we still get confused watching them. Since we're presently designing missiles to go to various planets in the universe, then why not—WHY NOT, we ask you—have.....

# CUSTOM MISS

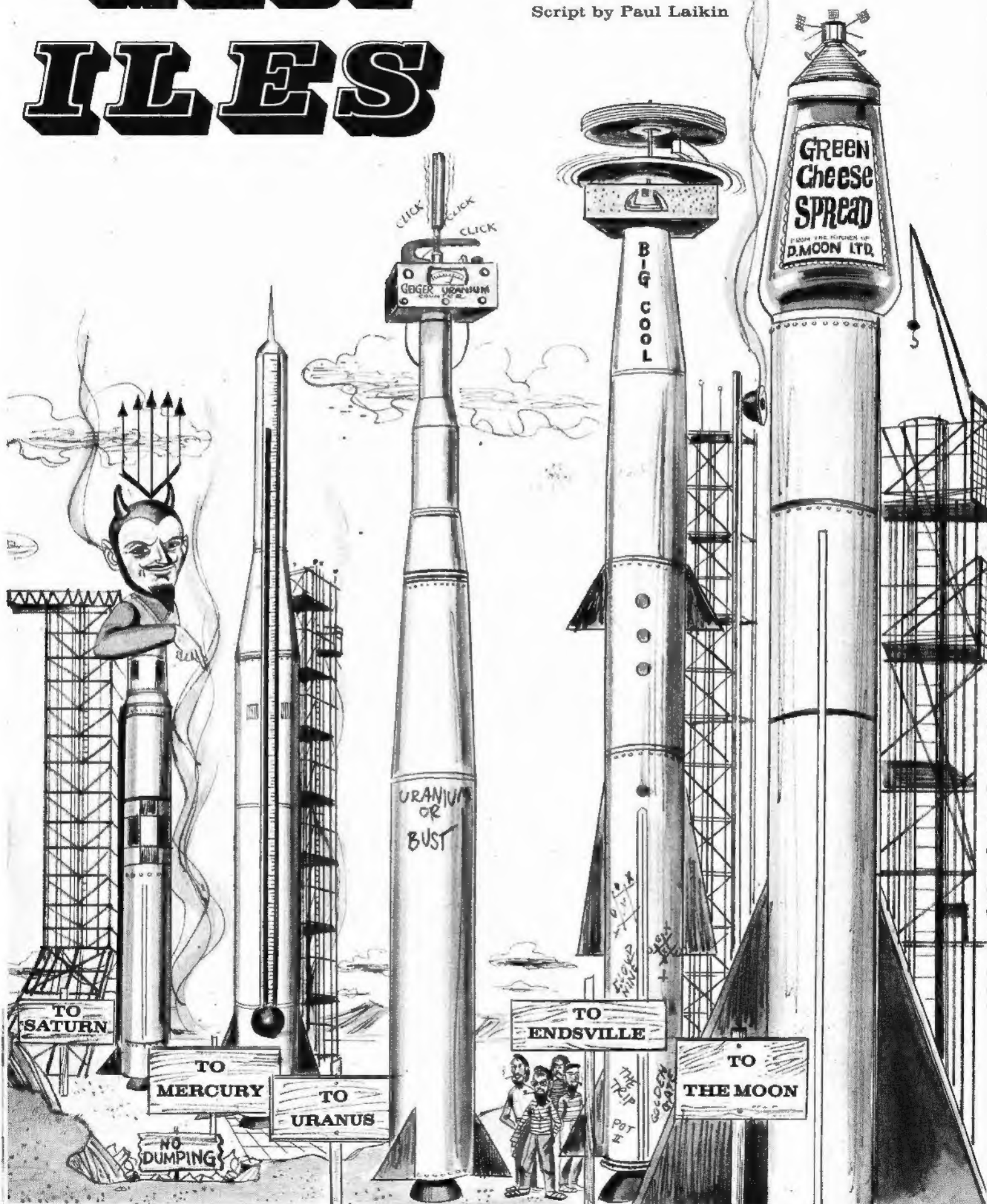




# -MADE ILES

Art by Charles Berger

Script by Paul Laikin





# Sickcerely Yours:



Dear Sir:

This letter is entirely concerning two "Aussies" (Australians) who have the mistaken notion that *Sick* is actually sick, and that Australia is superior to the United States.

First, I'll discuss the first "Spazzo". Humor (spelled h-u-m-o-r rather than h-u-m-o-u-r) is, as quoted from *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*, "The mental faculty of discovering, expressing, or appreciating ludicrous, or absurdly incongruous elements." Can we help it if you don't have adequate mental faculties? Can we help it if you think that instead of a splendid display of satire, you think *Sick* is more appropriately described as a good example of scatology?

Now, concerning our "superior Spazzo". My idea of your outlook on our humor is expressed very nicely in the first portion of my letter.

Concerning your superiority—I don't think so.

Absolutely yours,  
C. Patrick Grove  
2610-1/2 Omaha  
Pittsburg, Kansas

*Ed: It's WAR!*

Dear Sirs,

So Australia's Kevin Kramer thinks I'm a "Spazzo", eh. I could write some things about him too, but I believe it's against the law to send profane statements through the mail!

Jack Sparling should draw more stories like Executive Spy. What's he trying to hide?

Mark Podlin  
1878 Derrill Drive  
Decatur, Ga.

*Ed: When Sparling draws girls, he doesn't hide anything. That's the problem, Mark.*

Dear Sick People,

Come on, why not try harder?

Why still be number two? Sick is better than that Brand "X" magazine.

Joe Stout  
2414 Alco Ave.  
Dallas, Texas

*Ed: Sick is that Brand "X" magazine.*

Dear Sicindahead,

What they ought to invent is an anti-Sick pill!

But to tell you the truth, you have the greatest artist on your staff! Jack Sparling, that's right, and if you stop the continuation of the Sneaker Set I'll stop buying your magazine.

Al Punk Sikling  
Norwich, Conn.

*Ed: We've heard threats like that before, Punk.*

Dear Ed:

As you may have noticed by this time, I am writing this letter on a plain, brown paper bag. This is not because I am a poor ignorant uncouth slob who has no regular writing paper. I am a poor sick uncouth slob who is sending you something to carry that garbage out in. By garbage I mean that stuff that lies around on your desk and eventually ends up in Sick Magazine. The bag is to ship a whole mess of the stuff to this part of the country. It's hard to get enough.

Dimly Noodlewit  
701 Thulberry  
Denton, Texas

*Ed: We used the bag for something else.*

Dear Staff:

Today I was fortunate (?) enough to pick up your latest issue of Sick. I was pleased to see my letter complimenting you on your Super-Hero satire issue. However, you made one mistake, the biggest

typographical error I have ever seen: Fellows, I live at 5 Third St., Rochester, New Hampshire! Imagine saying I lived in Rochester, N.Y. My only gripe is that if there is a 5 Third St. in Rochester, N.Y., some people may get mail meant for me!

Martin Boire  
5 Third St.  
Rochester, N.H.

*Ed: And can you imagine THEIR confusion!*

Dear Sick,

Boy you guys really goofed! On the cover of your June edition you put June number 44 and on the first page you put June number 45. Explain please (you better or else).

Jim Litteshales  
3412 Emeric Avenue  
Wantagh, L.I., N.Y.

*Ed: It's like this, Jim: the cover followed 43 and the 1st page started 45 which then became 46 plus 2 equals the sum total, 41.*

Querido (mister) Ed:

Hoy por primera vez lei Sick, y me gusto mucho/. Ustedes podrian hacer mucho business si lo traducirian al espanol.

P.S. I hope you print this, because I made a bet that you would.

Sickeramente me despido;  
Ben Arbermann  
64-33-99 St.  
Rego Park N.Y.

*Ed: Sorry, Ben, we don't print any French messages.*

Dear Sick,

Will you for heaven's sake stop trying to be the best magazine in the country. You already are! So why try harder?

Clyde Gelineau  
11 Lane St.  
Lawell Massachusetts

*Ed: Thanks, dad.*

Dear Sick,

I like the cover on the May edition (No. 44). Mr. Dirty's a red creep. I love Brand "X" products. Why don't you make Brand "X" cereal. This letter cost me a nickel so put it in and write something back in the next issue.

Johnny Lynd  
Box 321  
Browdon, Georgia

*Ed: Something back.*

Hey There, People:

I must say that as topical as I find the title of your magazine to be, I nevertheless am affected pretty much in the appropriate way by its contents.

Now in my convalescence I have had time to reflect anew on the long term effects of your little enterprise. Perhaps your occasional brilliant satire (such as that found in your June hobby issue) will keep you afloat long enough to help us resist insanity by way of immunization.

On this theory I hope your next vaccination injection will have a safer dosage level than the last one.

So easy, men. We can only take so much.

Please consider me for the following classified ad:

I want a pen pal who occasionally wears feminine apparel and who thinks beyond the tragically ridiculous and unimportant concerns of Sick magazine. People involved solely with trivia sicken me.

I enjoy: politics, lore, and culture. I seek: expression, friends, and knowledge. I despair of: Sick magazine, education, and finding an alternative to Sick magazine.

Thomas Alan Greenbank  
18 Eldridge Street  
Dollard-des-Ormeaux  
Quebec, Canada

*Ed: You're too much for us, Thomas*

Dear Sir,

Are you "MAD"?

Sam Bekier  
C/o 22, Grotto Road  
Rondebosch, C.P.  
S. Africa

*Ed: Nice play on words, Sam. We're pulling our books out of S. Africa tomorrow.*

## CLASSIC-FRIED ADS

### PEN PAL WANTED

I am interested in being a Sick pen-pal. Name—Marianne Beasley. Age—19. Likes—Folk music, poetry, and strange people. Dislikes—ignorance, and people who don't think. Description—Long blonde hair. 5'4". brown eyes. I would correspond with anyone from anywhere. Marianne Beasley, 38 University Ave., Fayetteville, Ark.

"Pen-pals wanted, world-wide coverage, especially Europe and the United Kingdom. 18 and up, please. Preferably male or female. Vick Charmy, 60 1/2 W. 9th Street, Roswell, New Mexico 88201

Boy 20 would like addresses of girls 18-20 who would like to correspond: R.M. 2, 25 Terrill Lane, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754

Pen Pal wanted: Sex: Girl. Age: 14. Height: 5'3". Hair: Blonde, black, brown, and red. I would like her cute if possible. Alan Zimmerman, 13811 Calvert St., Los Angeles, Calif.

(Continued on page 41)

## for collectors... THE SATIRE THAT JFK LOVED--

You'll want to save this memorable  
PICTURE-CAPTION book which was printed  
before Dallas when THE KENNEDY WIT  
sparkled over an adoring nation



George Jessel  
says: "LOOK WHO'S  
TALKING" is a warm  
memory of the  
wonderful humor of  
The NEW FRONTIER...  
Not for squares!"

## WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!

## LOOK WHO'S TALKING

HARRY GOLDWATER PROFUMO ROCKY AND HAPPY JFK JACKIE



Send 50¢ per copy  
(for attractive 8"x11"  
stiff-cover "paper-  
back" volume) to  
"Look Who's Talking,"  
32 W. 22 Street, New  
York 10, New York.



Television critics say that commercials are written for 5 year old minds. We believe they're being written BY 5 year old minds. Their trademark is the utter stupidity of the characters, ideas and noisy presentations, and SICK believes that as punishment for these atrocities, the writers of commercials—along with their grotesque

characters—should be consigned to a modern Dante's Inferno, to stew in their own stupid situations. To show you what we mean, we assigned Huckleberry Fink to go through our imaginary Hell escorted by Beatrice Vergil who knows her way around. So let's follow them as they journey through

# TELEVISION'S COMMERCIAL HELL

Art by Bob Taylor

Script by Bob Elliott







And here we have a gang of hogs that stuffed itself at mealtimes but always had room for THAT dessert. This bunch of pigs is condemned to eating so much that they have room for NOTHING except indigestion and heartburn—which they have all the time.



This sweetie is the one who always raved about her light cooking oil to her dumb friend who must have used crank case oil. Her torture is that whatever she fries turns out to be so heavy she can't lift it from the pan without breaking her back.



This clown used to fly his sinuses to Arizona in a suitcase. We locked his sinuses in the suitcase.



This is the chick who spent half of her life stretching the elastic in her brassiere. For the rest of eternity, she'll stretch—up, down, and across—while the brassiere stays the same size.



Here we have the lady who picks out the whiter wash. She's condemned to pointing out the wrong wash every time.



Here we have the good old White Knight—and is he frustrated! He'll spend eternity riding all over hell and not finding one dirty shirt or uniform.





This is the kook who walks around under an imaginary shower. Here the shower is real. It grows out of the top of her head.



And these are the broads who march around in helmet liners to show they're fighting built-up floor wax. They'll spend the rest of eternity, up to their necks in built-up floor wax.



These are the children who bop around in these plastic bubbles to protect them from the weather. Inside our bubbles it's always snowing and miserable, while outside it's warm and sunny.



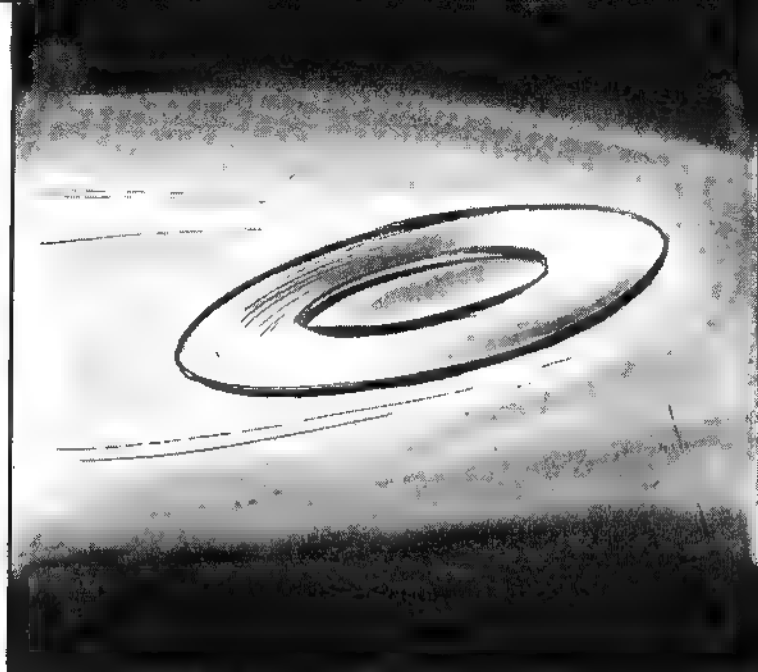
Boy oh boy! Is that— Is it— is he—?

Right. The devil—in person. You see—he invented the commercial.



# ASTRONOMY

# UFO AND U



This is a typical flying saucer.....

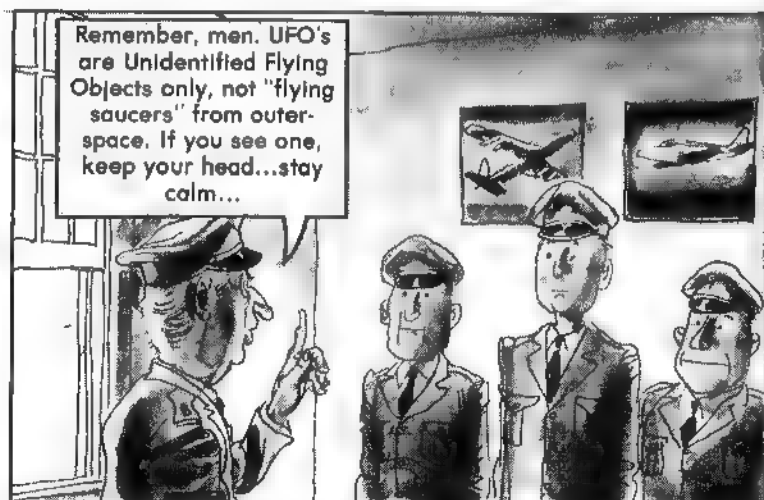
**T**hese past months, several major magazines have explored the U.F.O's ——— **UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS**. More popularly known as **FLYING SAUCERS**, everyone is seeing them, even without martinis or LSD. You just aren't "in" if these outer-space craft haven't crossed your eyes...

Are they Men from Mars? WOMEN from Mars?

Or are they revolting alien blobs...Or...are they just illusions seen by people who are sick? If you're sick and tired of all this UFO talk, **SICK**, a minor magazine, will try to solve this riddle for you.....

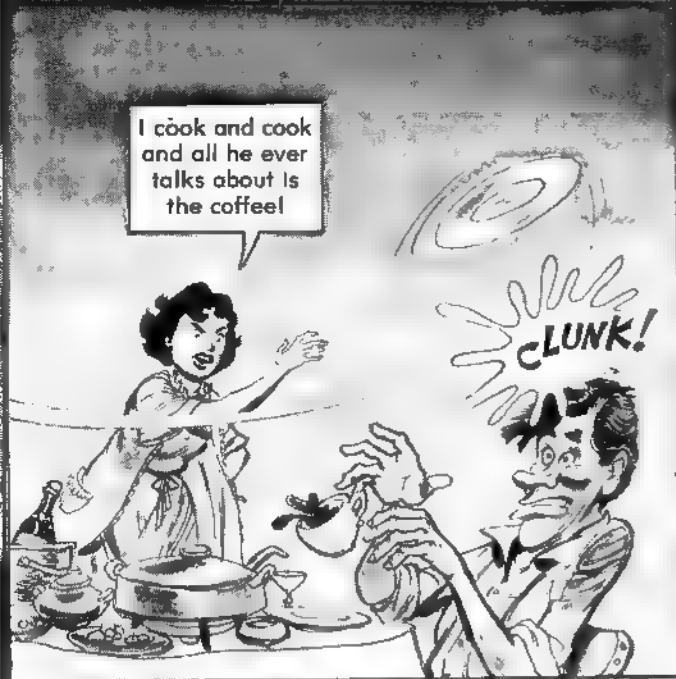


Many skeptical scientists quickly gave the simple answer.....



The Air Force, given the task of solving the mystery,

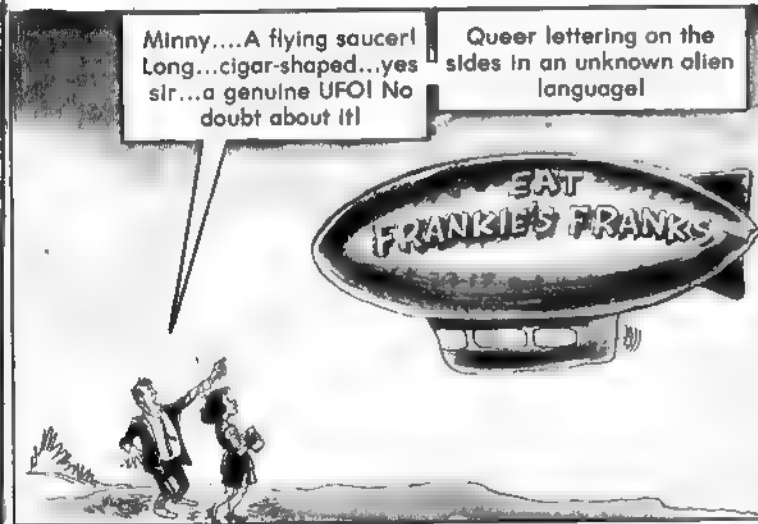




But not the kind we're talking about.



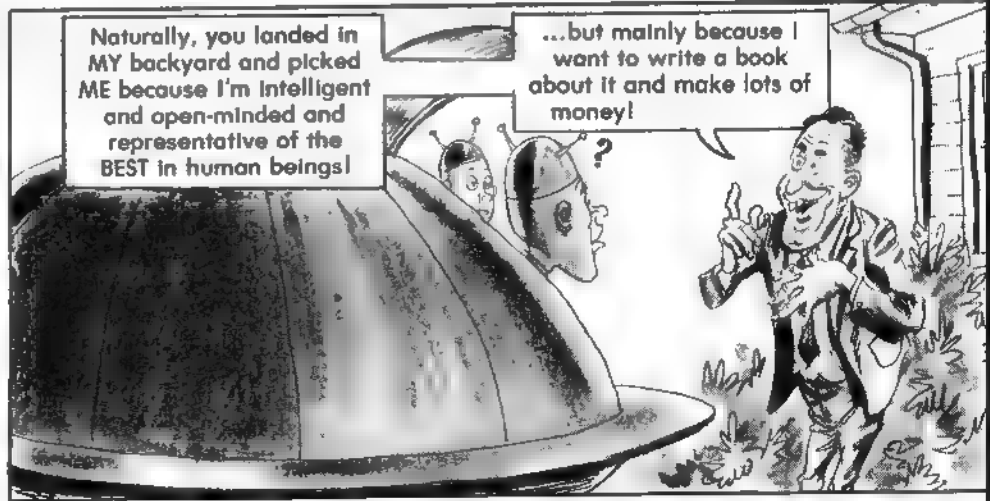
This is the kind we're talking about...



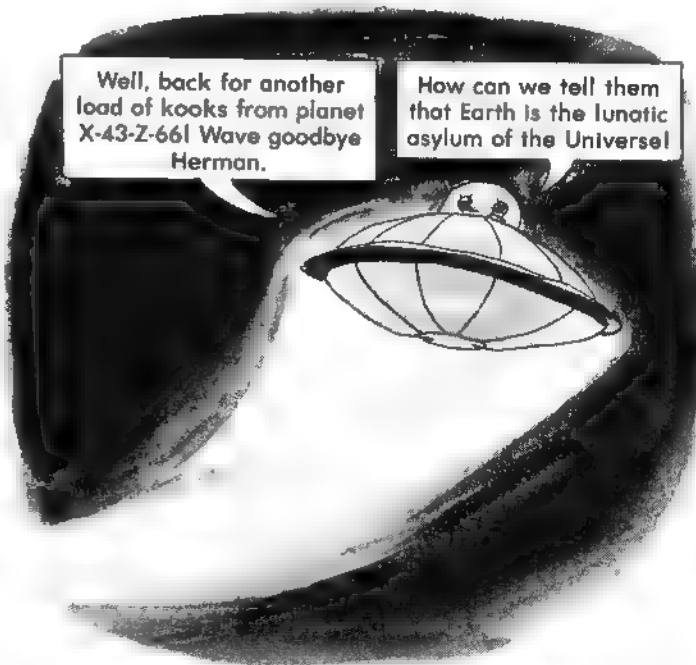
Equally certain of their convictions are the believers...



goes at it in a scientific way...



"Contactee" — one who obtains a ride aboard a flying saucer...





MOVIE  
SPOOF

# The 10th Victim

The 10th Victim is the futuristic tale of a hunter-killer oriented society where slaying is legal—sort of like a Chicago with costumes.

Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are starred in this Italian epic. An Italian epic is much like an American epic except that it's spicier and has more tomatoes—in this case, Ursula, Elsa Martinelli, Evi Rigano and Anita Sanders.

Marcello, a registered killer with nine victims to his credit, is out after his 10th win of the season. He belongs to a cult of sun-worshippers and later admits, "I feel a cult coming on."

His intended victim, Ursula, also has nine wins under her belt, which is a little distracting, especially in a bathing suit. She and Marcello are aiming at each other to see who wins the 21st Century Most-Valuable-Killer Award.

The screenplay was by Elio Petri, Ennio Flaiano, Tonino Guerra and Giorgia Salvione. It's the only picture which has sub-titles for the screen credits.

The killers work out in a gym under the watchful eyes of a journeyman kill instructor. He and the novices know the importance of accuracy, because if they miss, they have to pay for their own bullets. Here, Master Killer Marcello Mastroianni wonders whether or not he wants to go along on the slayride. The reason the two men on the floor have those muff-like objects on the side of their heads is because it's their ears. Where else do you wear ears?

Go ahead, pull the  
trigger all the way.  
You're only half-shot now.



Watch where you stab me, guys. My next picture is with Sophie Loren.



Two guards carrying lances advance on a calm Marcello. He's calm because he hasn't seen the rushes on yesterday's filming. However, Marcello, still with his hands in his pockets, kicks both men in the fracas, and you know how painful that is. The men in the background are official scorers, who double as doorkeepers. If anyone tries to escape, they call the ushers who force the patrons to watch the entire movie. Following this scene, Marcello adjourns to the relaxatorium where he is aroused to kill-pitch and decides to run out and garner his 9th victim. He does so without even taking his hands out of his pocket. He has borrowed Ursula Andress' bullet-filled brassiere and killed his victim during an intermission in a futuristic Greenwich Village coffee shop.

All this pomp and ceremony just to operate an elevator at Radio City Music Hall?



Typical 21st Century Soldier up to typical soldier tricks. Here this officer operates with a trick mirror so he can collect double pay. Later, he breaks his superior officer and gets seven years bad luck, retroactive from June 1. To offset this, he throws two dancing girls over his shoulder. This fellow has a hunting license to kill. However it isn't valid unless he's wearing glasses. Shortly after, the high court ruled this man crazy because he didn't have all his buttons, and sentenced him to 10 days in the electric chair.

Pondering alone in his office—done in wall-to-wall mattress—Marcello considers the rumor that Ursula Andress is to be his opponent in his drive to become the first person in town with 10 slayings to his credit—not counting the cook at the Venice Pizzeria. The picture behind him is a cameo engraving of his mother. On the bed near Marcello are three mementos of unrequited love affairs with a visiting American college student. The object near the pillow is her skull; the center one her tibia, while the bottom one is her wig. When she heard Ursula was going after Marcello, the kid blew her top—the hard way. If Marcello is successful in killing Ursula, he will get enough money from the state to buy new shoes with Italian heels. The Italian heels are Giuseppe and Rudolpho who also need new shoes.



Elsa Martinelli is the 21st Century's version of TV's weather girl—no one knows weather she will or won't. Only her hairdresser knows and he doesn't care. Note the waist-high slit in her dress. There are also numerous waist high slits in many of the victims. The CBS-type eye is a see-through peephole used by the button-down demagogues who like to keep track of who is killing whom.

"Massacre-wise we're in pretty good shape," says the Catastrophe Consultant who is used to killing, having been a former television network vice president. The head-to-head meeting between Marcello is due to be presented live (for a while, anyhow) and in color. Its sponsors are a razor blade company, a rifle manufacturer and a coffin firm.





Ursula points one of her weapons at Marcello. Underneath her gown is her most lethal device — a double-barrelled bra. Many of her victims die happy. Here she threatens to shoot a cigarette from out of Marcello's mouth — from the front. The technique she is demonstrating here is the front-face, inhale, arm extended, legs planted apart stance. At the moment, Marcello has all the better of the confrontation. You have to be understanding of Ursula's murderous inclinations because she comes from a broken home — it's right behind her. Pay no attention to the strangely dressed creatures hovering about — they're the people who invested in the picture.

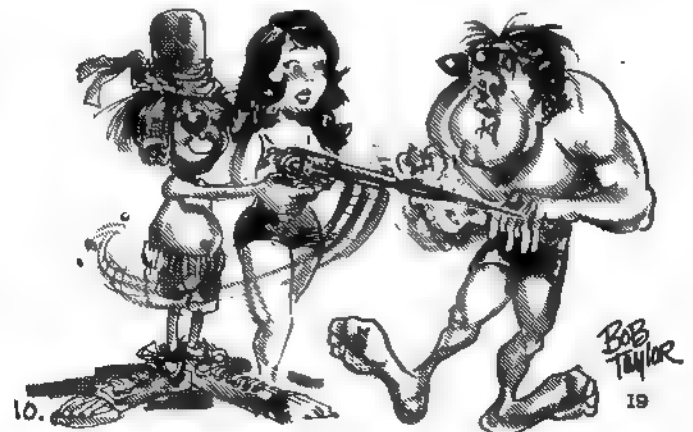
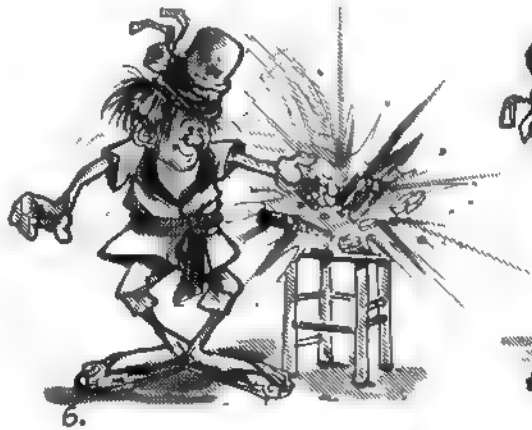
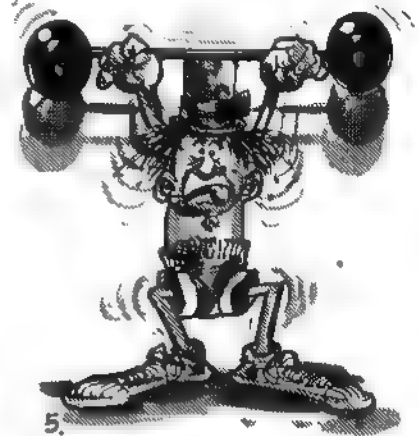
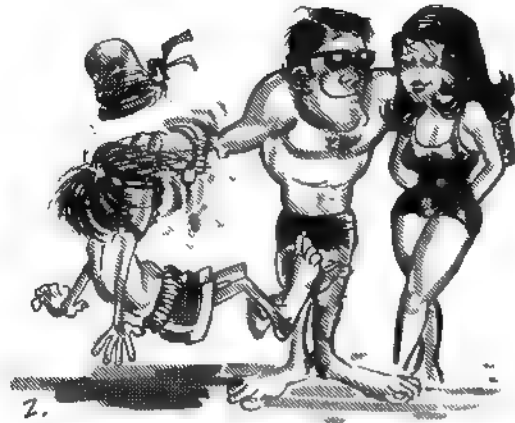
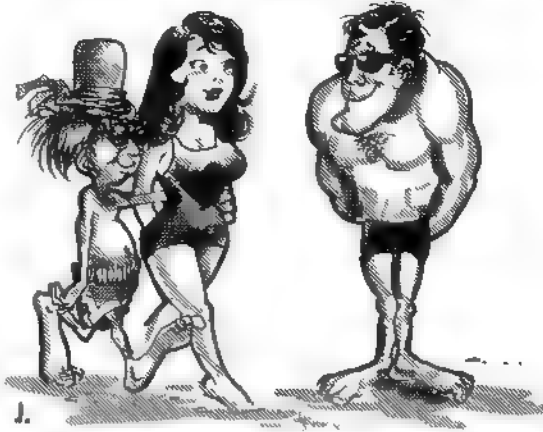


Together at last. Too sensitive to kill Marcello, Ursula capitulates. (The capitulation scenes were toned down somewhat for a squeamish American audience.) Marcello aims while Ursula cringes. Actually, she had three cringes left over from her role in "Dr. No." The pair team

up to kill off their enemies and make plans to live happily ever after in this cozy bomb shelter — guaranteed to give them protection against fallout from the critics' review of the film. Running time: 92 minutes. Walking time: about 3 minutes after the picture starts.

I told you I won't have your mother living with us.



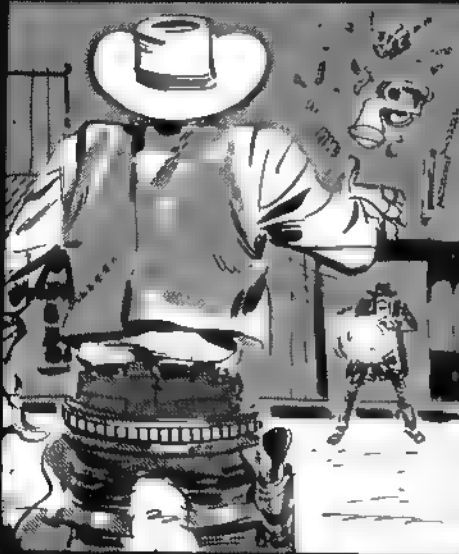


# TV SCENES THAT

## MY MOTHER THE CAR



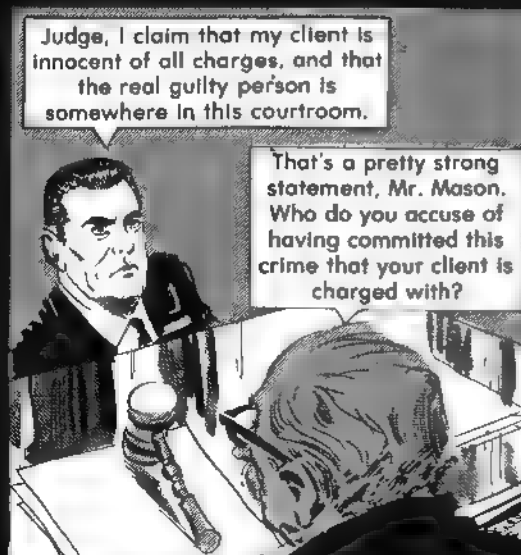
## GUNSMOKE



## ED SULLIVAN



## PERRY MASON





# MAKE MORE SENSE

Art by Angelo Torres

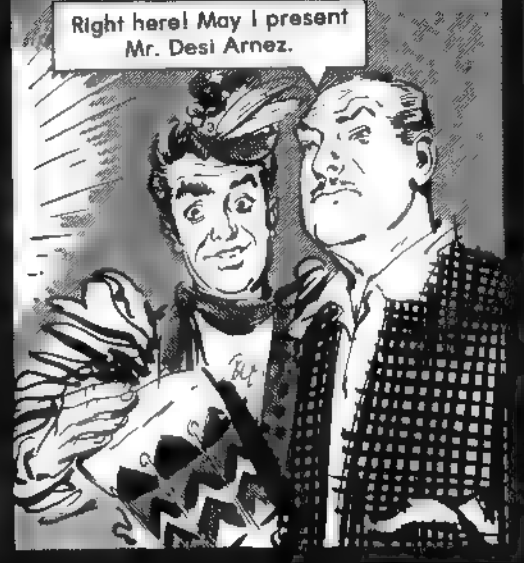
Script by Calvin Castine

## LUCY

Mrs. Carmichael, I've finally found a way to get rid of you. I've gone out and found you the perfect husband. He's a perfect match for you.

Oh, thank you Mr. Mooney! Where is he?

Right here! May I present Mr. Desi Arnez.



## THE HEADACHE RELIEVER

Don't rush me!

Sure you have a headache, but don't take it out on her.



## ADDAMS FAMILY

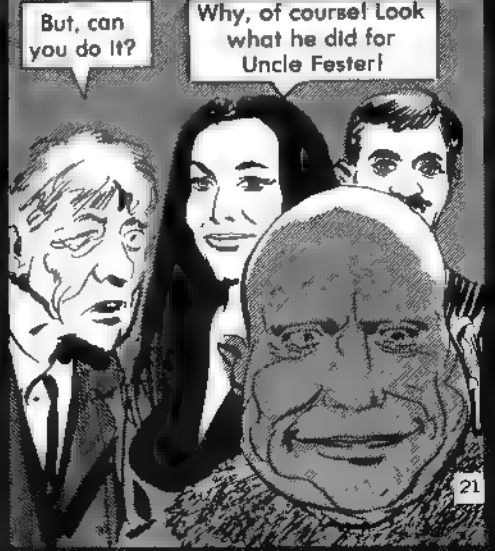
I've just been in an accident! Please, call a doctor.

Oh, you poor man! We must help him, Gomez.

You're right, Morticia. I'll perform plastic surgery immediately!

But, can you do it?

Why, of course! Look what he did for Uncle Fester!

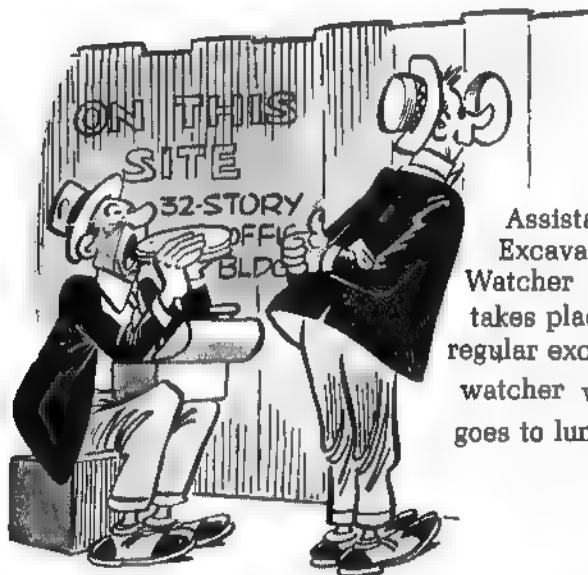


# NEW JOBS CREATED BY AUTOMATION

We have been studying a report on the effect of automation on the labor market, and have come to the conclusion that man, in his head-long haste to conquer time, space and the elements, has created many an answer for which there is no problem. He has placed automation in such places as elevators, offices, nose cones, bowling alleys and auto washes and new jobs are needed to place the people who have been displaced.

Here is our first list of jobs into which people displaced by automation can fit.

Art by Al Scaduto

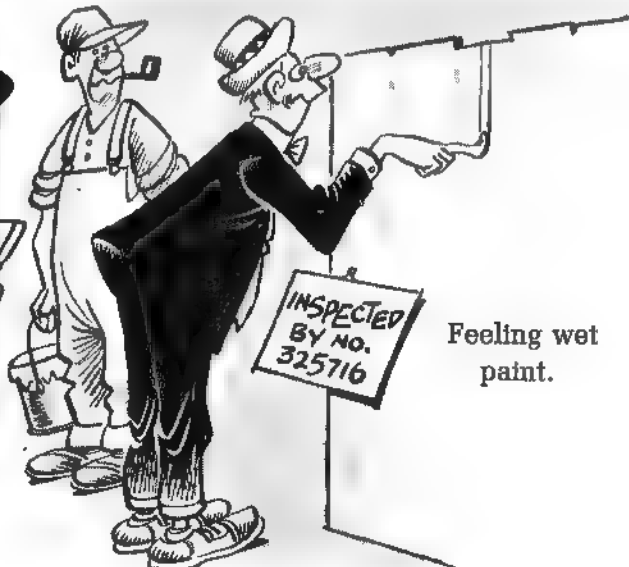


Assistant  
Excavation  
Watcher who  
takes place of  
regular excavation  
watcher who  
goes to lunch.

Oiler  
for people  
whose necks squeak  
at tennis matches.



Auto Salesman,  
to sell convertibles  
to wealthy Texans  
for planters  
in their  
family  
rooms.



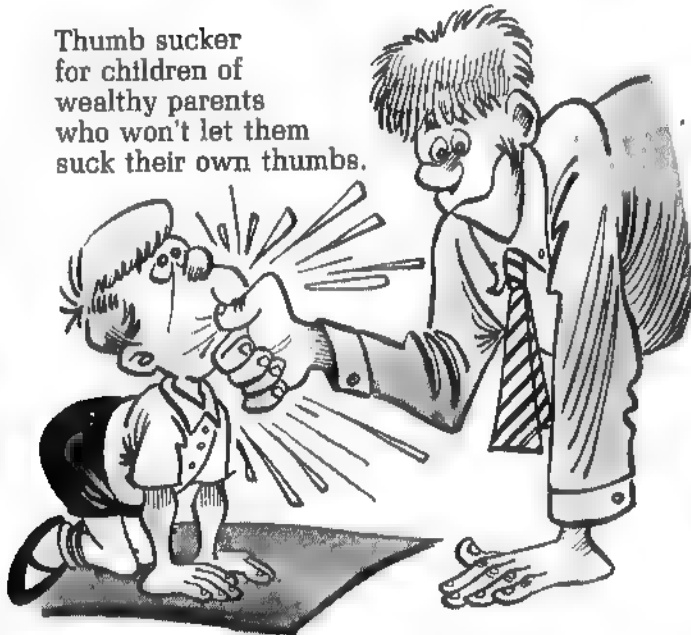
Cymbal Reminder, who wakes cymbalist in orchestra at the right moment.



Target for Knife Thrower.



Thumb sucker for children of wealthy parents who won't let them suck their own thumbs.



Selling pitchpipes to owners of humming bird ranches.



Apprentice nincompoop.

Tusk Manufacturer, for walrus with one tusk.





Tightening the nuts  
in peanut brittle.



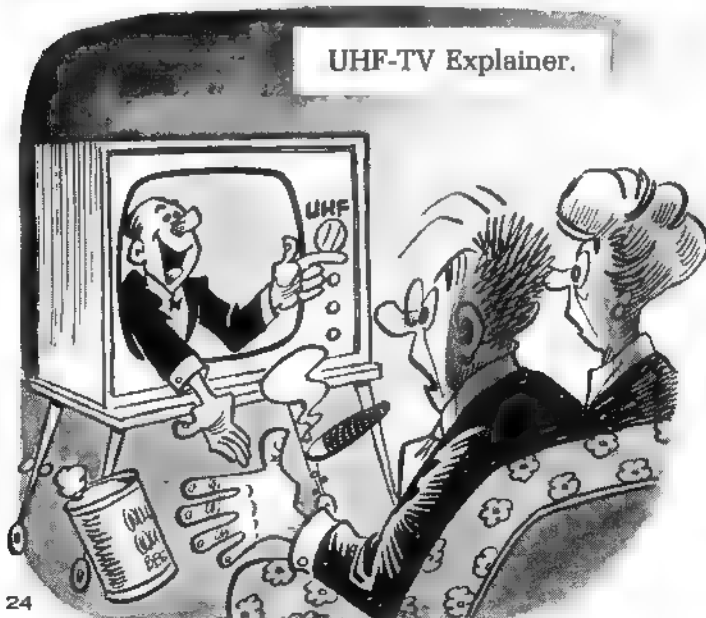
Recruitor for an  
Army & Navy store.



Vietnam War Explainer.



Foreign Aid Explainer.

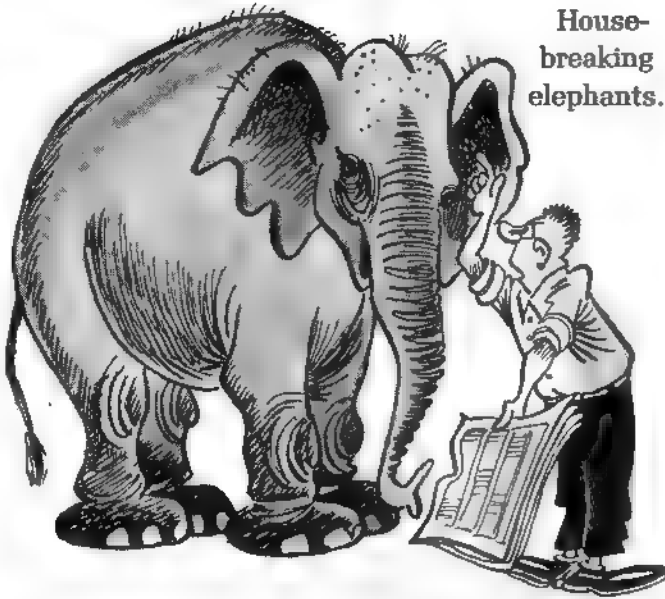


UHF-TV Explainer.

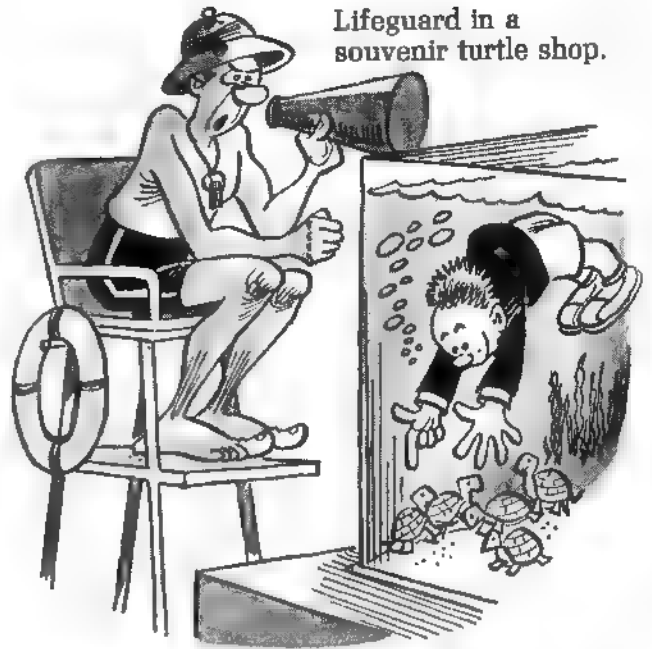
Putting clocks in stockings  
for people whose legs  
are always going to sleep.



House-  
breaking  
elephants.



Lifeguard in a  
souvenir turtle shop.



Dramatic coach  
for wrestlers.



Professional Moaner  
for people making out  
income taxes.



Poet Laureate  
of mens' rooms.



Toe Temperature Taker  
for cowardly bathers.

NOWADAYS, ALL TOYS ARE GETTING MORE REALISTIC, BUT DOLLS OUTDO THE REST. THEY TALK, CRY, DRINK WATER AND WET, BUT THEY ALSO DIRTY THEIR DIAPERS! AND THE KIDS LOVE IT!! SO, SINCE WE BELIEVE IN KEEPING KIDS HAPPY, LET US SUGGEST A FEW MORE...

# SICK DOLLS



Here's a doll that won't eat..



And loses weight...



And gets sick...

And dies.

HERE LIES DOLLY



And here's one that drinks and gets a big red nose...

A doll with a TIMER  
Who screams "I'M THIRSTY"  
at three in the morning.



Then there's a doll that has lots of nice healthy teeth...



And gets Pyorrhea and loses every one.



This doll needs  
a nose job...



And she comes with  
a knife so you can  
do it for her...



Here's one you can fill with  
ketchup that really bleeds...

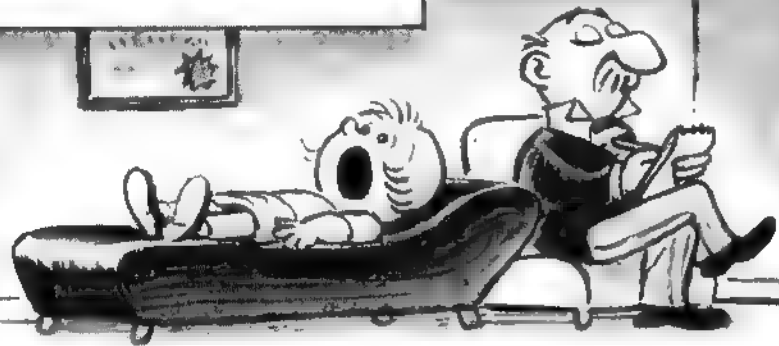


A weight lifter doll...



This is a doll you can dress;...

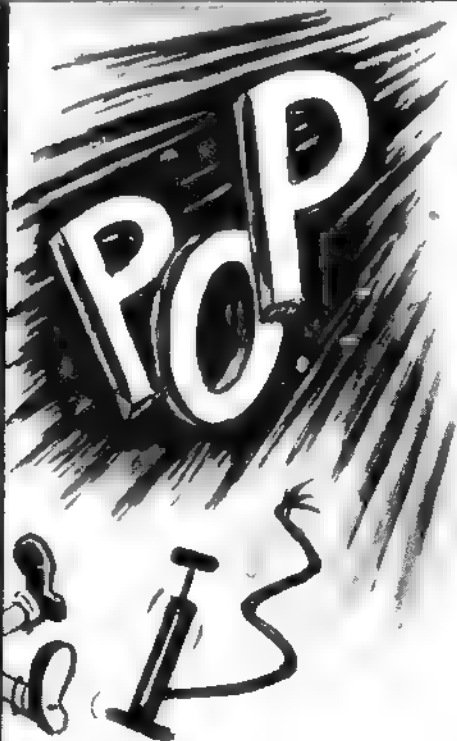
Which has  
a false-  
leg you  
can put  
on and take  
off, too...



And an analyst doll that says "Hmmmm" and a  
patient that says "Rotten childhood" over 100 times.



You can blow its  
muscles up and up...



AND...



A Viet Cong soldier doll made of Swiss Cheese...



A politician doll that says "We will never raise taxes" and a taxpayer doll that yells "Nuts".



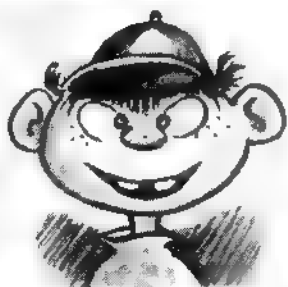
An orphan doll that hasn't got the manufacturer's name on it...



A neighbor doll with a suction-cup ear...



A moron doll that says, "One plus one is three... Two plus two is five..."



A doll that says a dirty word...



An overweight doll that walks and gets out of breath...



A father doll which coughs up money when you squeeze it...



A doll you fill with  
seltzer that **burps**  
and burps and burps...



A doll that eats and spits  
everything right up...



A doll for the bath that gets  
**B.O.** if you don't bathe it...



An **LSD** doll which  
gets real high...



And a  
rubber  
**rustler**  
doll...



A banker  
doll which  
says  
"Overdrawn!  
Overdrawn!"





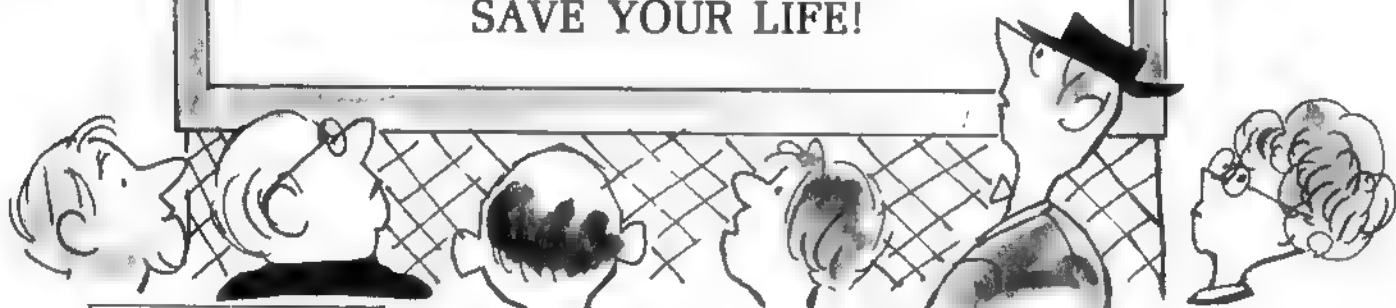
# !TEENMAN!

## AND THE SENIOR CITIZENS

Script by Bob Elliott

Art by Howard Beckerman

**SENIOR CITIZENS — AWAKE!**  
**STOP THE TEENAGE MENACE**  
**THAT THREATENS TO DESTROY YOU!**  
**ATTEND THE RALLY HERE TONIGHT!**  
**ADMISSION FREE!**  
**REMEMBER — IT MAY**  
**SAVE YOUR LIFE!**



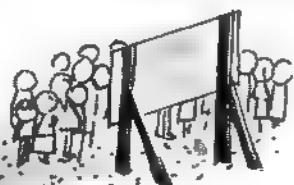
Now that I have safely delivered Dippy to her home, and all is well with her dads, I must organize —

GREAT GAS! WHAT IS THAT? AHA! AMOS CURMUDGEON AT WORK! TIME TO ZAP DOWN!

—and so I warn you friends, that this Super Menace of all time is right here on this earth, and he is named **!TEENMAN!** He is a super-teen of terrible powers who is bent on destroying all adults. He will take away **MEDICARE** —

NO! NO!

LATER THAT NIGHT,  
INSIDE MADISON  
SQUARE GARDEN, AMOS  
CURMUDGEON OF  
SCROOGE, INC.,  
ADDRESSES A THROG  
OF SENIOR CITIZENS



and your savings—

NO!

and your pensions, ruin  
your retirement plans,  
and destroy your children  
by turning them into  
hideous **FRUGGERS! AND**  
**DROPOUTS! AND MODS!**

What's the matter with  
them thigh-high skirts,  
eh, Charlie?

NO, NO! WE WON'T  
HAVE IT! DOWN WITH  
**TEENMAN!**

Investigate him! Call The  
**MAN FROM**  
**G.R.A.M.P.A.!**

Just as I expected! The  
typical, blind reaction of  
the panic stricken crowd.

That's the spirit! DOWN  
WITH **TEENMAN!** But we  
can't do it by normal  
means, since he is a  
**SUPER GAS** from a far-  
off planet.

So how do we do it?  
What's the deal?

My friends—I learned of  
**TEENMAN's** secret, which  
is that he can be  
destroyed **ONLY** when he  
is not wearing his **SUPER**  
**BLAM** guitar. Without  
it, he is helpless.

So we lure him here by  
pretending to be in  
sympathy with those  
miserable teenagers. I  
will ask to see his guitar,  
and—trusting me—he  
will let me have it.

**THEN**—we shaft him  
good, and that's the end  
of **TEENMAN!**

You mean we make him  
defenseless and helpless,  
then clobber him?

Right, ma'am! A typical,  
sneaky, dirty Old Coot  
Trick! Dr. Fluda here will  
send him the message,  
and when he comes—  
innocent and trusting—  
**WE'LL KILL HIM**  
**FOREVER!**

MEANWHILE, AN EXTRA  
HAS HIT THE STREETS.



My sharp-darpy vision-funken and my quasar-ears tell me the worst about Old Curmudgeon. I never dreamed he could sink so low.

Are all adults this crummy? Preaching hatred while he robs senior cits with his fantastic, outrageous prices.

NO TIME TO BE LOST! TIME TO ZAP DOWN—DOWN—DOWN—and into SUPER SUPREEM ACTION!



My friends—I came here in my defense and to tell you that this man Curmudgeon is corrupt and vicious. He tells you lies.

HE lies! These rotten kids are out to destroy you old folks!

NO! Teenagers will take nothing from you. Instead, they will give! We need their youth and brains and ideals to get this nation out of the mess YOU have put it in.

Lies, lies, lies!

Lies? Let's find out! I'm going to bring you face to face with these kids you're persecuting and hounding. Don't leave your seats, please. I'll be back in two seconds with the proof.

(TEENMAN A SPEAKS INTO TRANSMITTER CONCEALED IN HIS FRONT TOOTH CAP)

TEENAGERS EVERYWHERE! TEENMAN CALLING! TEENMAN CALLING!





BY TEENMAN'S SUBLIMINAL SUPER-VIBRATION THOUGHT TRANSMITTER, TEEN-AGERS EVERYWHERE HAVE BEEN MADE AWARE OF HIS COMING TO EARTH, AND THEY ARE AUTOMATICALLY AND CONTINUALLY TUNED IN ON ALL SYSTEMS FOR HIS CALL

Can you understand the words to this song?

No.

Can you recognize the tune?

No.

Then It MUST be one of the Top Ten.

Gee, what a great band.

WHAT?

I said—WHAT A GREAT BAND!

Sorry—that crummy band is making such a racket I can't hear you.



Gee—Isn't it great to be a teen?

You know it! So sharp—so neat—so tough—so broke.

We're the darlings of the nation.

And the worry of our parents, who all have us pegged for a real dismal scene—

**TEENAGERS!  
EVERYWHERE!  
!TEENMAN!  
CALLING!**

TEENMAN! IT'S HIM!

It's HE, stupid. Where do you go to school at?

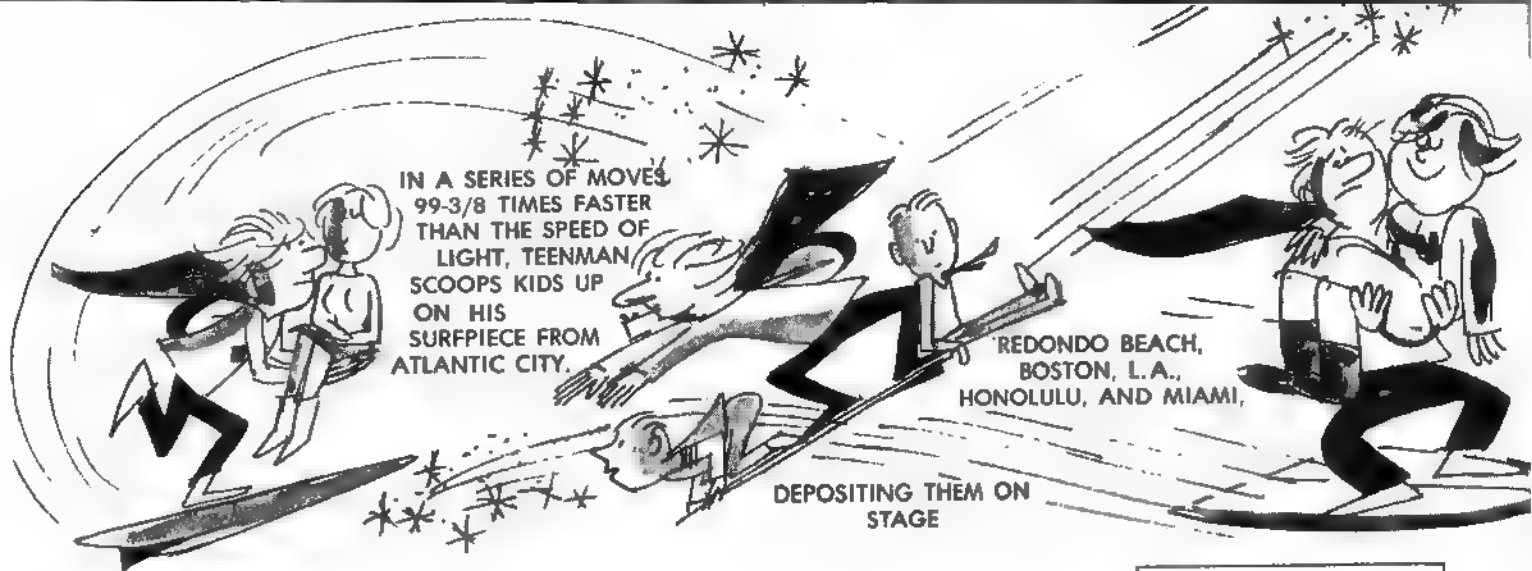


Teens, I need your help. Our mortal enemy, Amos Curmudgeon, is having a monster rally, and is really putting you down. It's a real hangup, and I want you to show these people how keen and neat and tough you really are.

I'm zapping down to pick you up—READY?

READY, TEENMAN BABY!





And now—here are the fiends—the bims and bums—the hoods that Cur. soys are threatening to destroy you!

Sally Benson, Candy Stripper—Don Dauntless, admitted to West Point—

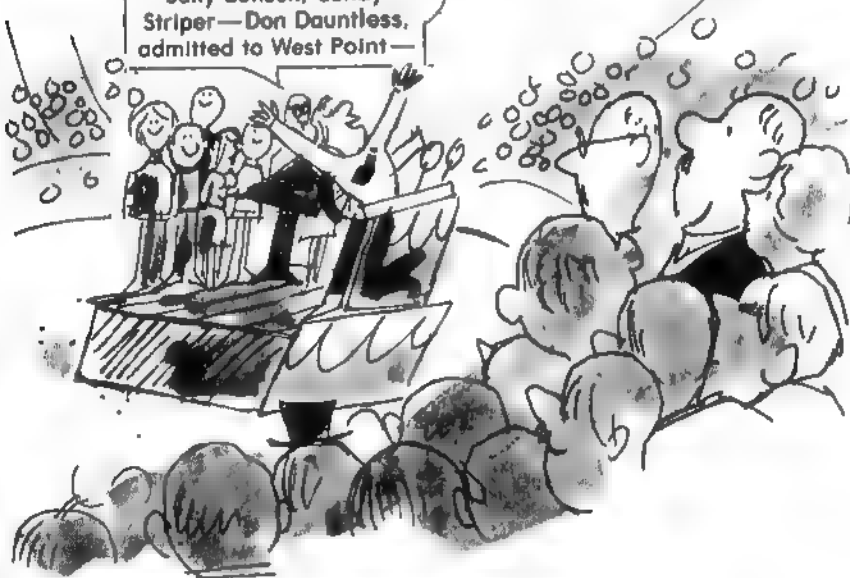
Jane Conway, Social Worker—Phil Featherstone of the Peace Corps—Bill Binko, on his way to Yale—and I could go on and on.

This is your young America. Do they measure up to that fiend's description?

And as for this monster "SUSPECTED OF PRICE FIXING AND SHADY DEALINGS." There's your destroyer! Robbing you to enrich himself and trying to make Teenagers take the rap!

There stands your leader. A liar and attempted murderer!

NO!



I overheard your dastardly plan, naturally, and reduced my REAL glitter to microscopic size.

I quickly made a substitute to test you, and you showed your true, rotten colors.

GET THEM! KILL THEM!



My, my, Dippy... Their thirst for violence never stops. It just changes course. A mo ago they wanted my skin, now they're after Curm.

True, Dippy

If only they were young like us, they'd realize Curmudgeon was one big put-on! That he really doesn't matter, cause we'll win in the end.

And now, my old friends, remember — just be thankful that we have the kind of teenagers we have.



AFTER DELIVERING THE TEENS TO THEIR HOMES.



TEENMAN AND DIPPY SURF ALONG OVERHEAD.

Well—we won one battle, but there'll be more—many more. There's still a selfish, evil element of adults who will gladly ruin anything for a price

—as well as some pretty creepy teenagers who we must weed out.

Perhaps I'll begin by teaching you good English, Dippy.

And what's next, TEENMAN, baby?

CLEARLY, DIPPY IS ALL OUT FOR TEENMAN, BUT IS HE CAPABLE OF FALLING IN LOVE? WITH AN EARTH GIRL? WE'LL FIND OUT SOON AS TEENMAN SLOWS UP A LOT OF WATER AS HE VISITS THE SURFING CROWD IN

**TEENMAN!**  
AND THE  
HODADS





Goulash!

Chow mein!

Blintzes!

Paisanos! Make up a you  
mind about the main course!

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI



# THE SNEAKER SET

A CONTINUING STORY?

## EPISODE FOUR

In the last episode, we left Boobi in the clubhouse, terrified at the prospect of facing a mysterious telephone caller. Sean has answered the phone, and is contemptuously holding it out to Boobi, daring her to take the call. The Sneaker Set sits with bated breath, hoping to hear perhaps some juicy, damaging scandal, or at least a couple of new dirty jokes. In the meantime, Mark is still giggling, and Angle has been forced to leave the room.

Art by Jack Sparling

Script by Bob Elliott

Take the call, Boobi!  
We'll all be waiting to  
hear what you have to say.

Hello? How are you  
moms? You say you and  
dads confronted Trixie  
Gorton and had a heart  
to heart talk? And you  
like her?

Gee, moms—that's double  
peachy and neat! I told  
you she was a good clean  
girl. O.K. moms. 'Bye.

WOW! Good old Trixie!  
Not a word to moms  
about the sordid orgies  
we hold at her place—  
the wild pop parties  
and such.



And yet—I feel Trixie is up to something.

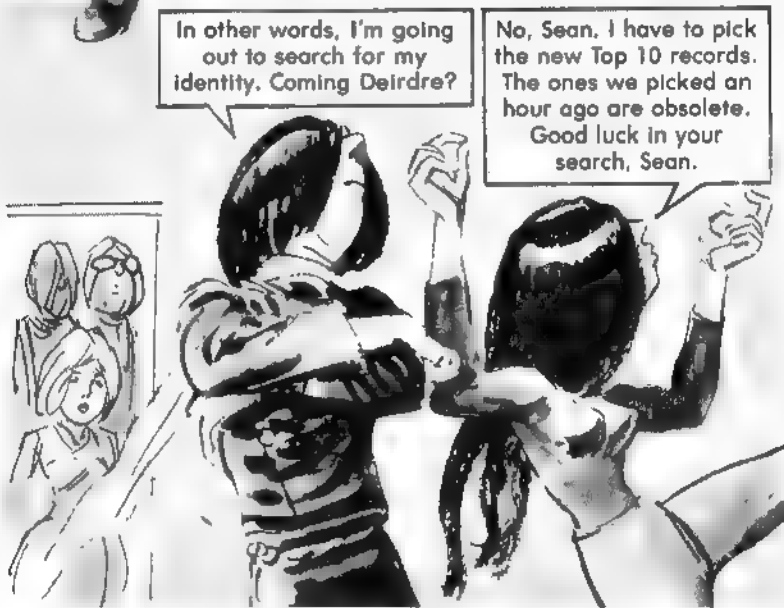
Like what, Boobi baby?



Something that won't be revealed for another 5 episodes. But time will tell.

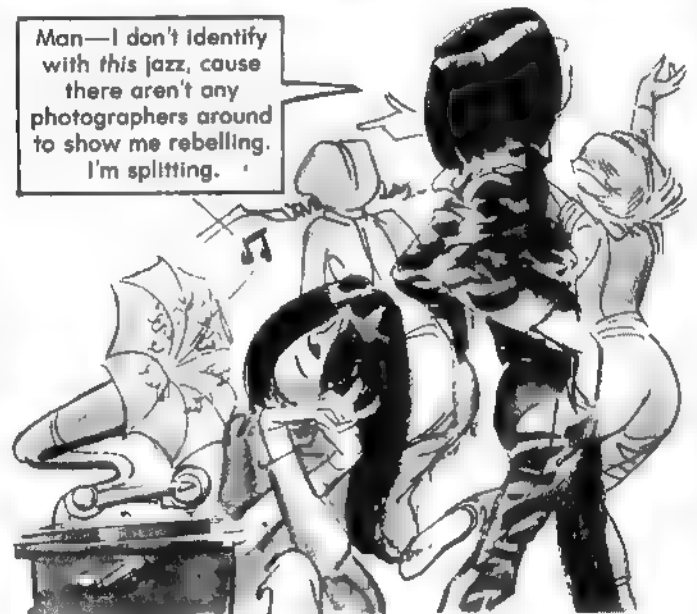
It's time this meeting was adjourned. Go out and set some new trends, since the ones we set yesterday are outmoded.

Me—I have to engage in the mystic search that takes up so much of the teenager's time.



In other words, I'm going out to search for my identity. Coming Deirdre?

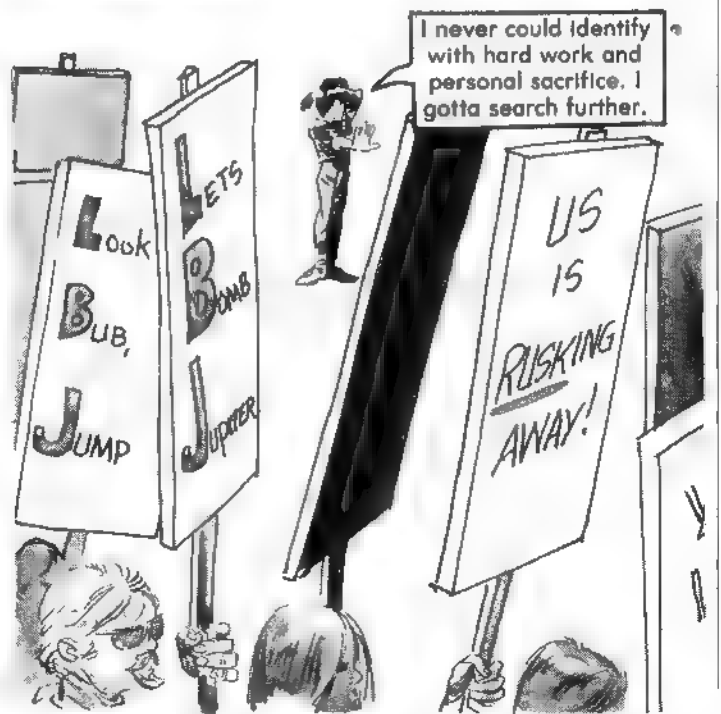
No, Sean. I have to pick the new Top 10 records. The ones we picked an hour ago are obsolete. Good luck in your search, Sean.



Man—I don't identify with this jazz, cause there aren't any photographers around to show me rebelling. I'm splitting.



Oh man! I can't identify with this! Too physical!



I never could identify with hard work and personal sacrifice. I gotta search further.

Look  
BUB,  
JUMP

LET'S  
BOMB  
JUPPER

US  
IS  
RUSKING  
AWAY!



I sure can't identify with that. It's against the religion I founded yesterday. Besides—the old men who started it should fight it.



UNEMPLOYMENT CENTER

Man—I identify with collecting loot. Now if I didn't have to work to collect it!



Did you find your identity, baby?

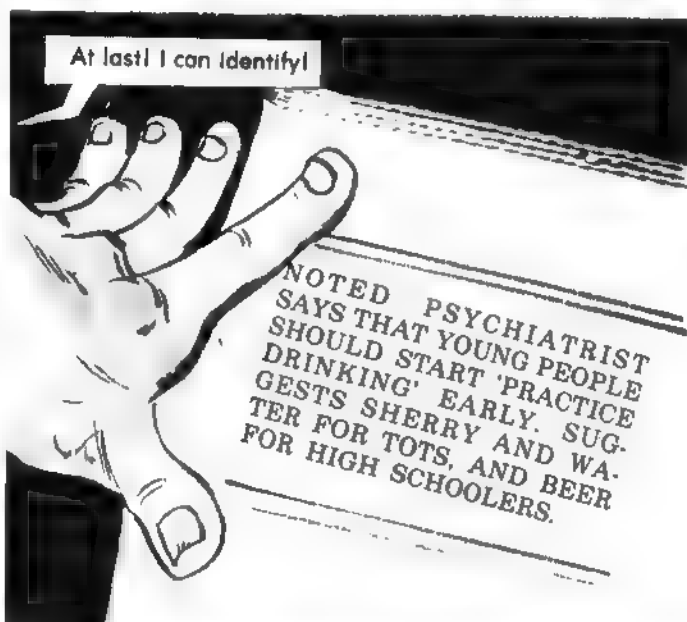
Not yet. It's a rough job, but I'll keep searching.

HEY! What's this?



At last! I can identify!

NOTED PSYCHIATRIST SAYS THAT YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD START 'PRACTICE DRINKING' EARLY. SUGGESTS SHERRY AND WATER FOR TOTS, AND BEER FOR HIGH SCHOOLERS.



Don't worry moms and dads. Sean is just identifying with one phase of adult life.

You bet, baby. The search is over. I identify with ALCOHOL! I'm going to work hard at being the best alcoholic in the gang.

Sean, baby—is this the answer?



Is it the answer? Is it the question? Do you have any answers? Now that Sean is trapped by demon rum, what will the outcome be? Where will it all end? And is Boobi really through with the experienced Trixie? When Trixie confronts Boobi, who confronts Trixie? Who will show up for the showdown of the showoffs? Who will confront Sean. Who confronts an awful hangover? Don't fail to miss the next episode, when Sean, confronted by Captain Marvel, finds a mysterious ally in Teen-man. Til then, here's Breck in your neck, kids!



# BRAND X MAN OF THE MONTH

## INTRODUCING LYNN LICHTY

Lynn Lichty is a would-be writer of comedy. "I would be—if they'd only let me," he insists. Nevertheless, he's a natural born clown. "My mother didn't believe in anaesthesia when she had me," he recalls. A six-foot, 180-pounder, Lynn has brown hair, green eyes and a dimpled chin. "Sounds good on paper," he admits, "but something happened in the layout." Lynn's photo, shown here, tells the story. "And it's a pretty grim one," he adds. Unmarried at 29, he says he is "still looking" and welcomes modest proposals—as well as those from rich girls!

Lynn finished High School in Scranton, Pa., and admits that he barely made it for lack of attendance. "You might say I was a High School Drop-IN," he notes. "I never did go to college. My application to Vassar was turned down," he tells us. Nonetheless, Lynn has managed to become the co-owner of two huge roller skating rinks in Ohio. "I always wanted to be a big wheel," he boasts.

During his leisure hours, Lynn dabbles in assorted hobbies which include deck shuffleboard, bowling, reading, moviegoing, TV



watching, pool-playing and girls. "The latter I may take up professionally if nothing progresses with the writing," he adds. It seems that Lynn's two big interests are comedy and girls. "Some of the girls I get are real comedies," he points out. He also admits to being the world's worst dancer and a poor singer, to boot. "I'm so poor a singer they want to boot me whenever I try," he insists. "In fact," he continues, "when it hears my

voice, a wet bird WILL fly at night!" However, he does type 96 words a minute and can take shorthand like a professional. "I'd be a perfect secretary if I only had nice legs," he confides.

At the present time, Lynn lives in a 55 foot house trailer and has a '59 Cadillac. Sometimes, when he comes home late at night, he gets confused and walks into a 59 foot house trailer attached to a '55 Cadillac. Asked why he lives in a trailer he replies, "with my jokes I have to be ready to move at all times!" Despite this, Lynn has made somewhat of a professional splash—more like a steady drip, you might say. Some of his material was published in Earl Wilson's column. "They wouldn't use my picture in a bathing suit," he recalls. He is also the local chairman for National Laugh Enterprises in New York City, under the co-ordination of George Q. Lewis. "It's a good job but the hours are short," he complains. Eager to learn every phase of his craft, he is now taking a course in professional handwriting analysis. "Can you think of a better way to study other writers' styles—or steal their jokes?," he asks.

That's the story of Lynn Lichty. We welcome him to our nest and only hope he doesn't lay a big egg in it. We have a lot of confidence in this boy. We predict that in the humor field, he's certain to make a big name for himself—even if he has to change it to Lynn Lichtenstein!

## Next Issue:

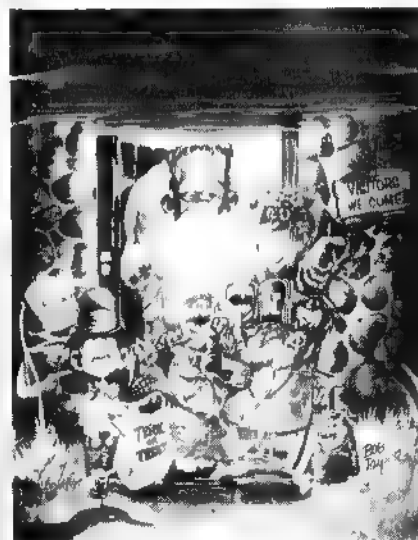
# SICK

(we've never won a battle yet)

# GOES TO WAR against The PEACE CORPS

## Get in the FIGHT

Reserve your copy now  
at your jolly newsdealer



LOOK FOR THE COLORFUL  
HALLOWEEN COVER

# SIMON SEZ:

INSICKNIFICANT BITS OF THIS AND THAT  
FOR THOSE WHO CARE

by Joe Simon

## ABOUT THIS ISSUE

This is our Outa' Space Issue. When you look through it though, you won't find many articles about Outa' Space—that's how far out it is! Would you believe—we did have a bunch of articles on the subject, but in laying out the magazine we found we were "outa' space." You wouldn't believe it, huh? Then would you believe a cop-out? You would, huh? Well, you're exactly right! Actually, just the cover is outa' space. The rest of the magazine is outa' nowhere!

## WHY TRY HARDER?

We try harder because we're still Number Two. And being Number Two, naturally we want to become Number One. And the only way to do this is to get better writers and artists than Number One. To this end we search high and low. We came up with Dee Caruso when he was high, and Paul Laikin when he



was low. This time out, SICK has come up with another winner—one of the nation's top comic artists—AL SCADUTO. For those few clods not familiar with his work, Al draws the famous syndicated cartoon, LITTLE IODINE. Welcome to the Snake Pit, Al—and may the bluebird of happiness drop his blessing on your brushwork!

## ABOUT THE COVER

The front cover of SICK was drawn by an anonymous artist who, after finishing the painting, preferred it that way. It shows Huckleberry Fink, the "Why Try Harder

Kid," being carefully scrutinized by a creature from a flying saucer. You'll be happy to know that after submitting this painting, our anonymous artist was carefully scrutinized by a creature from a mental hospital. Furthermore—if you'd like a free reproduction of this painting, forget it! Our budget is being scrutinized by a creature from our accountant's office!

## CLASSIC-FRIED COLUMN

Our new feature, the SICK Classic-Fried Column is catching on like crazy—a lot of nuts have been sending in listings. Now forget that jazz! This column is strictly legitimate. No illegitimate readers need bother to send anything in. Unless it's a subscription, of course. And speaking of subscriptions, check the item in this month's column dealing with that Gag Cartoon Course!

## SICK ANNUAL IS HERE

That's right! The long-awaited giant SICK Annual is now on the stands and selling like hot cakes. We wish they were selling like magazines. So get out there today and pick up your copy. Drive over right away—the life you save may be ours! Remember—with each copy you receive FREE, a three-page foldout portrait of the "Why Try Harder Kid" in shocking color. Wait'll you see the color—boy, will you be shocked!

## THE NEXT ISSUE

For our next issue, SICK has planned a real blockbuster. We know—we said it about all the other issues and you're still waiting. But this time we mean it. This time we've filled up 52-pages of nothing but articles about blockbusters. And what's the biggest blockbuster in America today? Right! *The Peace Corps*! Therefore, we're going to take off on the Peace Corps with a big blast. We only hope the Peace Corps doesn't retaliate by giving us a big blast. So don't miss the next issue—you'll really get a bang out of it!

# CLASSIC-FRIED ADS

(Continued from page 7)

I am interested in corresponding with some Sick pen pals. I enjoy meeting all kinds of people. Name: Ilene White; Age: 20; School: Junior at Illinois State University.

Likes: Biology, classical music, art, Robert Frost, post cards, traveling, dogs, and people (not necessarily in that order).

Dislikes: People who are artificial when it suits their purposes.

Description: Long red hair, brown eyes, 5'3", impulsive individualist. Ilene White, 241 Winding Lane, Rantoul, Ill. 41866

I would like to have a girl pen-pal around 5'2" to 5'8". Age 13 to 15. Must be cute, wild and have a few curves. Randy J. Choate, Dana, Iowa, Box 136, 50064

I would love to exchange my address for anyone else's—only one requirement—they must be male, 19 & up.

I am 18 year old female, blonde, blue-eyed 5'6"—do crazy things sometimes (like now). Everyone is welcomed to write. I mean only boys.

Rinda Rose, 1833 N. Cleveland Ave., Chicago, Illinois

A cute, 14 year old girl would luv to write to a boy around 15, who is cute, blonde, hip and likes Paul Revere's Raiders, D.C. 5, and the Stones. I've got short blonde hair, blue eyes, and I'm 5'4". I'll answer everyone's letter.

Linda Buskager, 519 Bowman Avenue, Madison 14, Wis.

## COMIC COLLECTORS

Anyone wishing to own an "EC" comic should send one dollar and their choice (if any) to: R. Robert Moore, 133 Lake Ave., Greenwich, Conn. Offer ends one month after publication date.

## CARTOON INSTRUCTIONS

FELLOW SICKLIES, you can make me well again! My psychiatrist advises me to sell every last one of them!

I've got 900 copies of "The Famous \$100 Gag Cartoon Course" with 28-pages, packed with illustrations and over 5,000 words to instruct you how to prepare gag cartoons and sell them for \$\$\$! Wholesale price is two-bucks. BUT for this notice and \$1.00 I'll send you a brand new course. To prove I'm 'not all there' I'll include a \$2.00 subscription to SICK magazine with every twelfth order received. Hey! You can't lose! Send to D. Grett, c/o SICK MAG. 32 W. 22nd St., New York, N.Y. 10019

This SICKtion is a free service for the convenience of our readers. However, since there are so many hooks and hooky items involved, we assume no responsibility for items, claims or persons advertised here. We're sick but not crazy

Script by Fred Wolfe

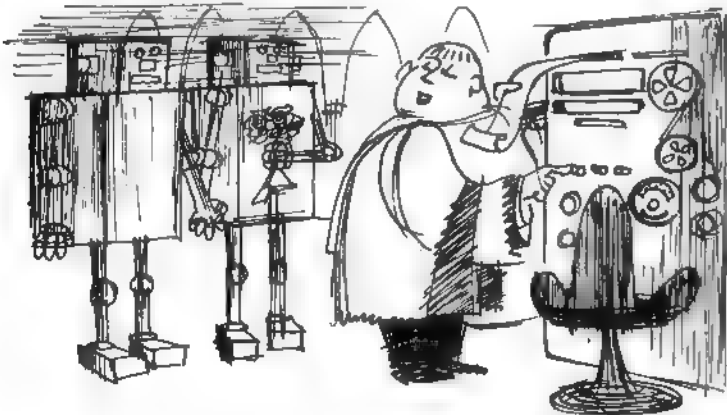
Art by Arnold Franchioni

# SICK LIMERICKS

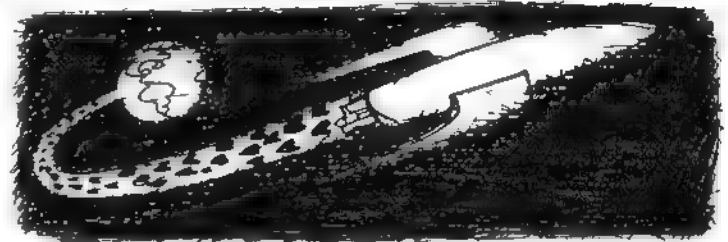
These limericks left a lump in the writer's throat when he handed them in — what happened was, we made him eat his words!



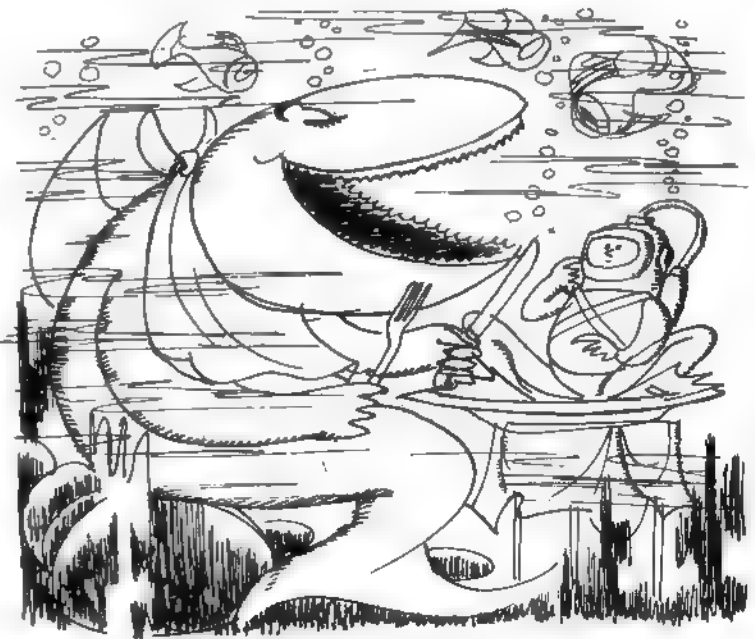
A young lion-tamer named Clyde  
Stuck his head in a lion's inside.  
Scared by too much applause  
The big "cat" closed its jaws.  
(Hi, there, Clyde! How's the weather inside?)



There once was a robot named Gort  
Fell in love with a "gal" of his sort.  
His mechanical "dream?"  
An I.B.M. machine!  
(In the Fall, they "expect" a small Gort)



An astronaut named Harvey White  
Went aloft on a "Gemini" flight.  
For a month (maybe two).  
But old White wasn't blue.  
(For his "partner" was Gladys McBright!)



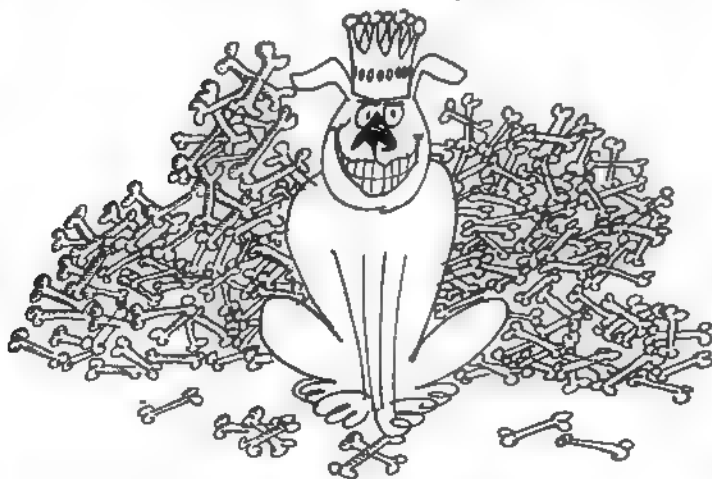
A skin-diver, name of MacGoon  
Dove deep 'neath a tropic lagoon.  
He thought it a lark  
Till along came a shark  
(And he soon ate MacGoon with a spoon)



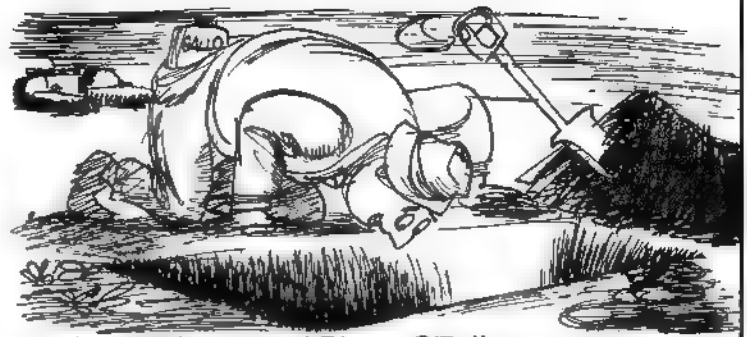
A convict who was in for "life"  
Dug a hole 'neath the wall with his knife.  
When he came up for air  
Who should be standing there?  
But the warden!  
(He's still in for life)



Queen Cleo, the fairest you'd seek  
Made Caesar and Anthony weak.  
When she gave them a smile  
On her barge on the Nile  
(They would find they were square up the creek!)



A movie-dog named Rin-Tin-Tin  
Made a pile high as "Wilt-The-Stilt's" chin.  
Now, he's down on his luck.  
Rinny hasn't a buck.  
(Even Lassie says: "No!" to poor Tin)



A mortician named Digger O'Dell  
Dug a grave, into which he then fell.  
He *cried* all night long  
Till a drunk came along  
And inquired:  
("Ain't *they* treating you well?")

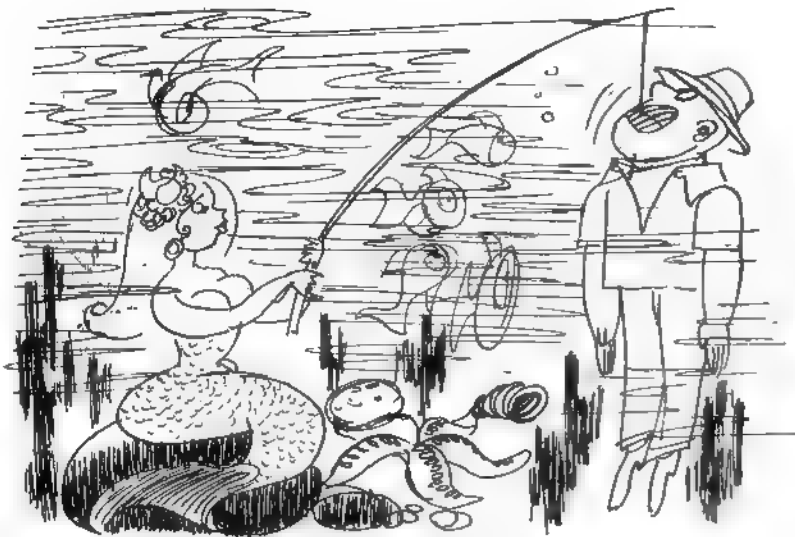


A dim-witted buccaneer chap  
Planted loot, and then drew up a map.  
He'd be rich as a king  
Except for one thing:  
(He forgot where he buried the map!)



A jockey named Speedy MacToze  
Had a sniffer as big as a hose.  
Plastic surgery here  
Ruined poor Speedy's career.  
(For he no longer wins by a nose!)





A fisherman, by name of Hank  
Caught a "fish" off the Newfoundland Bank.  
But, here is the switch—  
The "fish" was a "dish"  
A mermaid!  
(And she "landed" Hank!)



A submarine crewman named Dwight  
Never seemed to do anything right.  
When the sub would submerge  
In, the water would surge!  
(Dwight kept his portholes open at night)



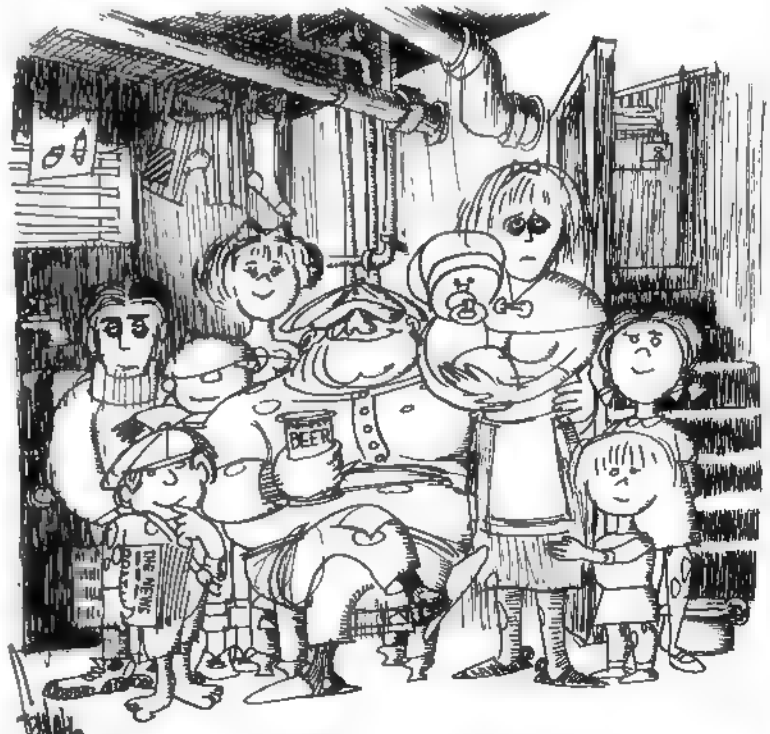
A hunter named Jamie MacSnood  
Took his "pointer" in search of some food.  
But the hunter did blush  
When his pointer did flush  
Two "love-birds!"  
(And both of them sued!)



A "monster" in Scotland's Loch Ness  
Made a scientist yell in distress.  
But the "serpent" they found  
Weighed less than a pound.  
(Just a worm 'neath a magnify-glass)



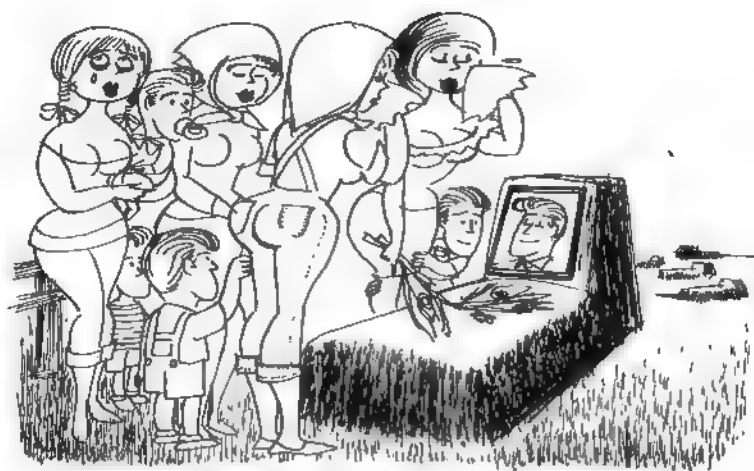
A model named Melanie Starr  
In this "dream" wore a Maidenform Bra.  
(But, it wasn't a dream!)  
People started to scream!  
(And the judge threw the book at poor Starr!)



There once was a man named O'Keefe  
Whose whole fam'ly was on home-relief.  
As his fam'ly grew bigger  
They increased his check's figure.  
(It's his Mrs. who gets no relief!)



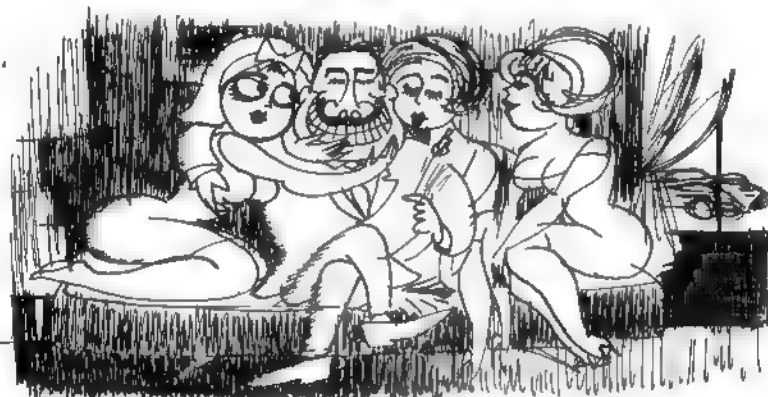
A guy took a girl for a ride.  
Then parked his car by the road-side.  
Then, he said: "Out of gas!"  
But the lass had brought gas  
... In a tin!  
(They continued to ride)



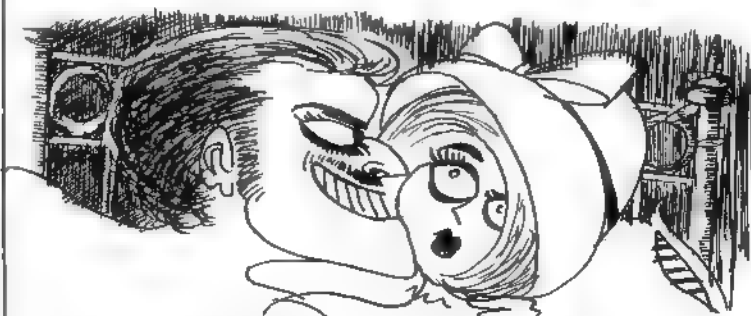
There once was a salesman named Moore  
Who with each farmer's daughter would score.  
Though the farmers went wild  
He was loved by their child.  
(But, they shot him. Now girls get no Moore)



A Hill-boy named Lucius MacBride  
Took a five-year-old child for a bride.  
But Luke soon threw a fit.  
He would just baby-sit.  
(Had to learn how to burp her, besides!)



A chap bought a Mercedes Benz  
And found he'd acquired new friends.  
They were female, of course.  
Though his face matched a horse  
(They saw him through a rose-colored lense)



An old-fashioned girl name of Grace  
Met a chap who lived on Peyton Place.  
When this chap made a pass  
Our sweet well-mannered lass  
(Waited *days* before slapping his face!)



A sailor named Shamus O'Toole  
Was a sea-going marrying fool.  
Had a wife in each port.  
Twenty kids to support.  
(But he seldom was bored, as a rule)

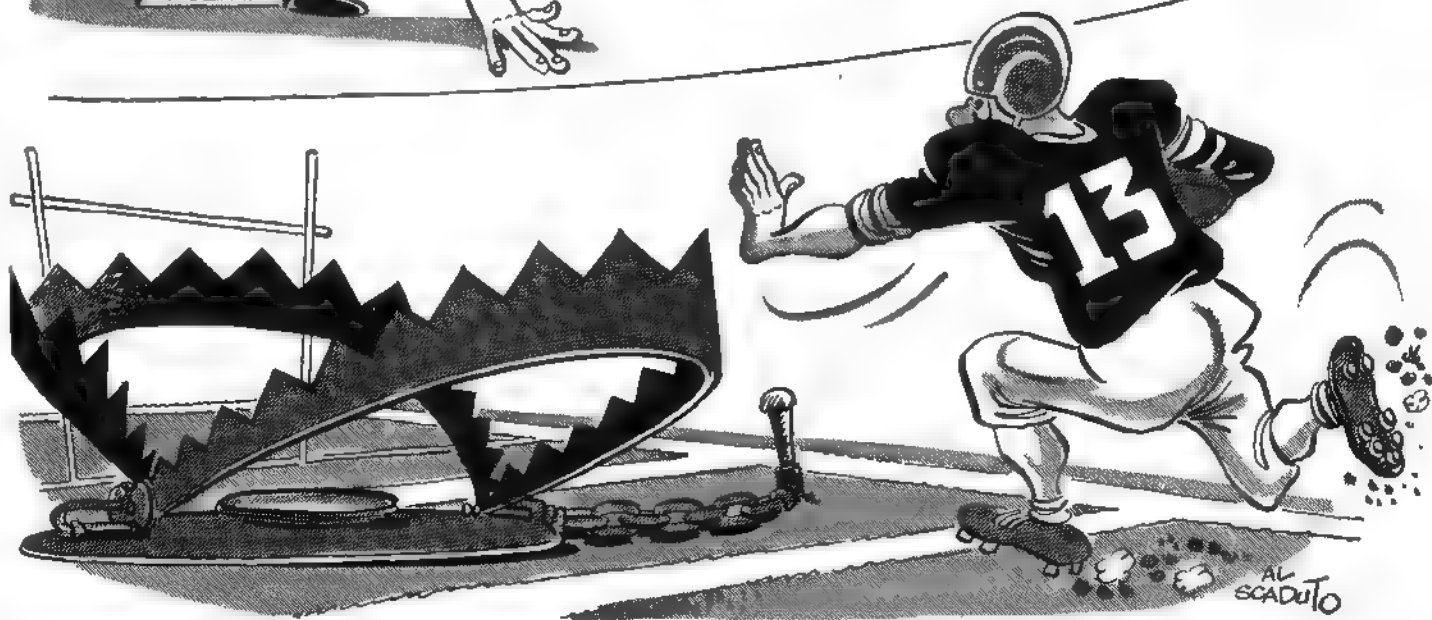
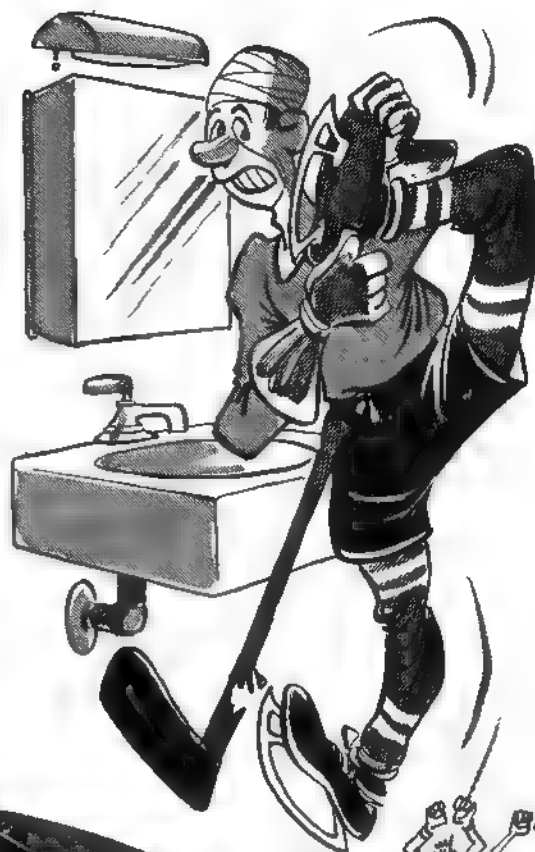
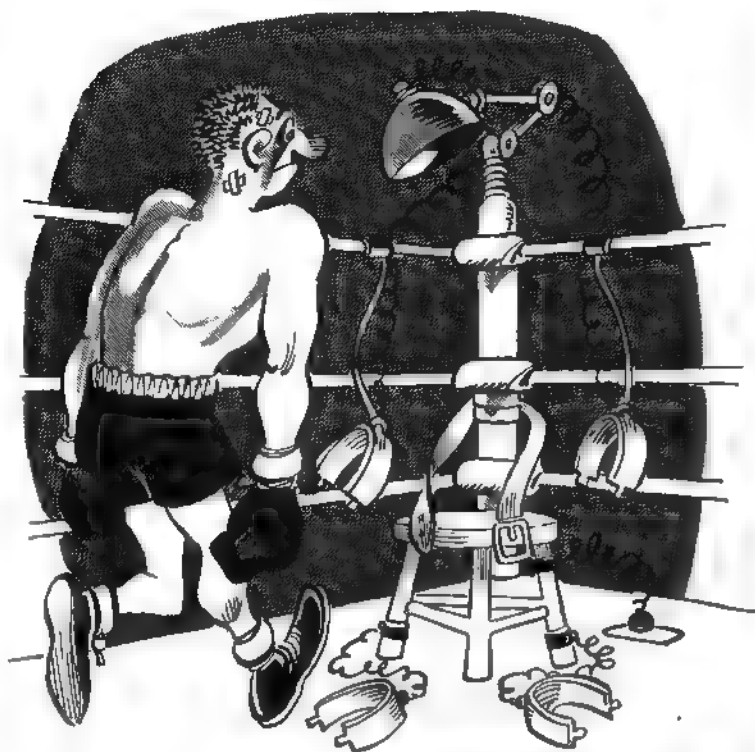
**SICK  
SPORTS  
SECTION**

By E.C. Bilsland, Jr. and Al Scaduto

# How to Be a POOR SPORT

A feature that teaches sore losers how to commit suicide in athletic events they lose — a feature that may also cause many a reader to end it all! This is another in our series of public service articles, designed to help in the fight against the population explosion!





AL  
SCADUTO



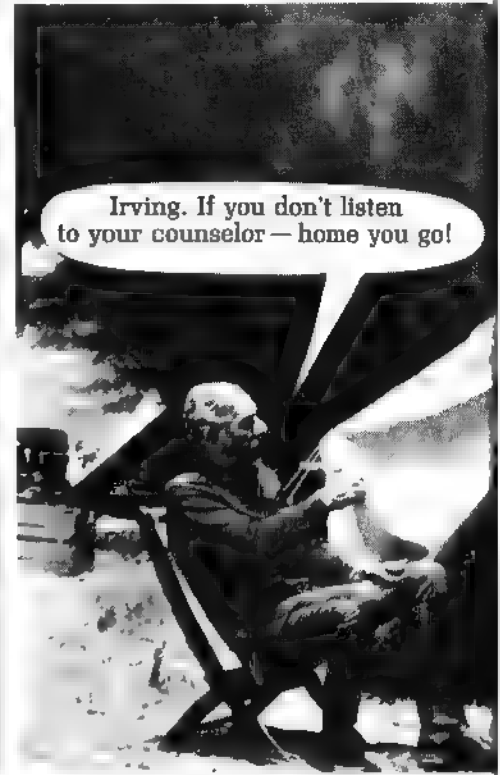
# LOOK WHO'S

That's what people yell to us when we write these idiotic captions to photos —



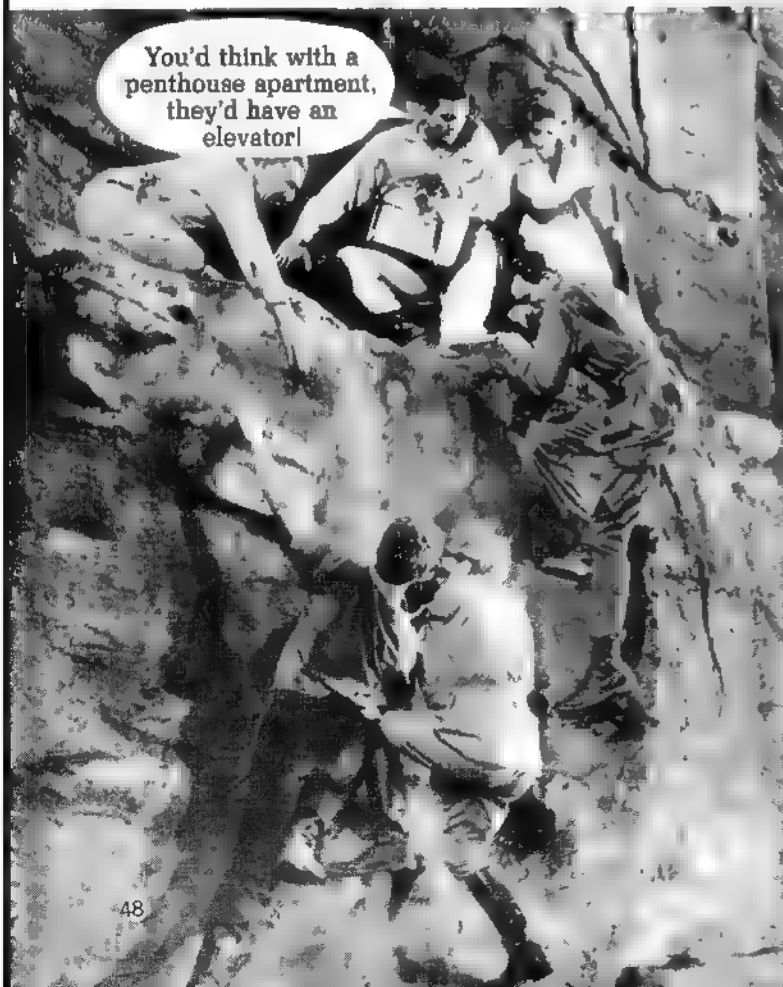
MARLON BRANDO

MICHAEL RENNIE



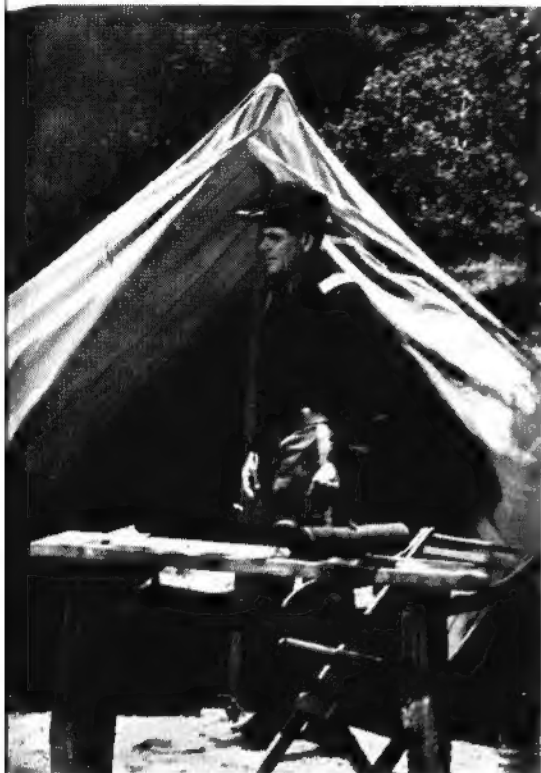
MELVIN

HUCKLEBERRY FINK



# TALKING We Name-Drop

but we keep answering the same thing back, "Look who's talking!"



DOUGLAS



BURT LANCASTER

RICHARD BURTON

KEIR DULLES



Gentlemen, we've got to look ahead. Now, when 007 gets too old for those roles.....

Christians! Lions!  
Lions! Christians!  
The same boring show!



# WE WERE GOING TO PAY WILLIE HAYS TO WEAR SLOP-HOSE SOCKS.

Then we found out he did.

We paid him anyway—(to keep his mouth shut!)

What we wanted was a *man's man*, someone like Willie Hays, big-league ballplayer, who knows that SLOP-HOSE, with the patented *two-way rib*, are the socks that make a *man* feel more like a *man*. But, unfortunately, here's what Willie said:

"Feel like a *man*? Are you kidding? SLOP-HOSE go all the way up to your knees, like what the chicks wear! At first, I thought people were calling for that drink sold by my friend, Yogi Berra, until I found out those Yool Hoos! were meant for me."

"And talk about a *two-way ribbing*! SLOP-HOSE got a lotta comment from the guys in the locker-room, too. Things like: 'Willie got a run today—in his stockings!'... 'He can get to first-base with me, anytime!' 'When I switched to SLOP-HOSE, I sure got a lot of offers—not from other teams—from my team-mates! And even when

I went to Greenwich Village, some "strange" guy said: 'Willie, you're all right in my league!' 'What other socks can make me look like my sister Cecile?'"

And another thing—When that elastic wears out, I'm suing them for non-support!

## Slop-hose

Sexy socks  
(— for men?)

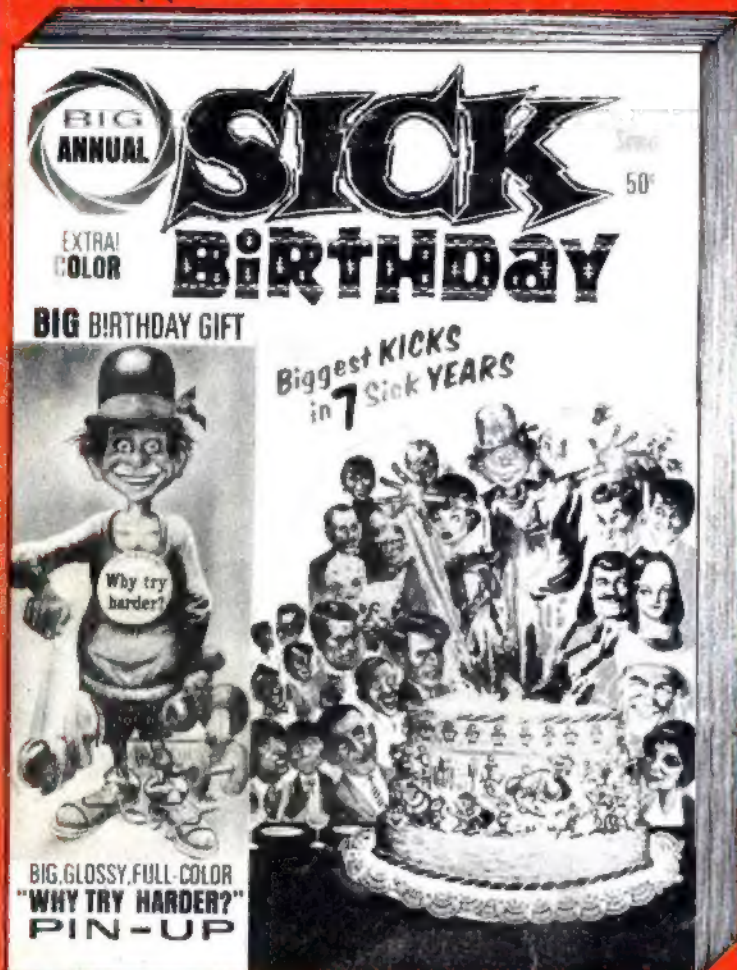




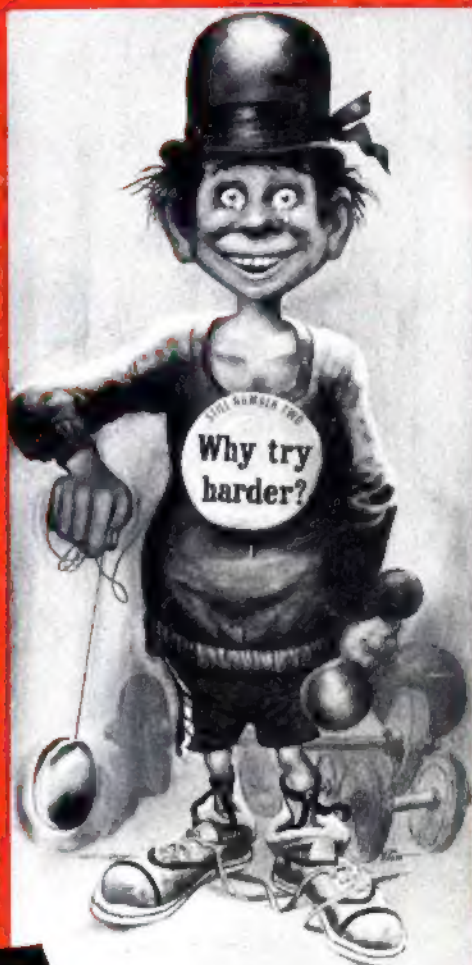
# BIG SICK ANNUAL!

## SEVEN YEARS IN THE MAKING!

(THEY WERE WATCHING US EVERY MINUTE)



A POP-ART MASTERPIECE  
IN FULL, RICH COLOR  
**3 PAGE GLOSSY FOLD-OUT**



*Huckleberry Fink*

"Let us Entertain You"

featuring  
THE BIGGEST KICKS  
IN 7 YEARS OF SICK

HERE ARE THE SATIRE CLASSICS OF THE DECADE! SKITS THAT WERE REPEATED ON BROADWAY REVUES! THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS! THE JACK PAAR SHOW! AND BY MANY OF THE TOP COMEDIANS AND MONOLOGISTS! ALL IN ONE FABULOUS! BIRTHDAY! SPECIAL!

**NOW ON SALE!**

**PLUS!**

This Pop Art Masterpiece!  
**A GLOSSY! FULL-COLOR!  
3-PAGE FOLDOUT**  
OF THE "WHY TRY HARDER"  
KID! AMERICA'S UNDER-  
DOG MASCOT  
**HUCKLEBERRY FINK.**

Hang it in your den! clubhouse! bedroom! or classroom! This clod is so pitiful, just looking at him is guaranteed to make you feel superior! Will brighten your world! build you up! bring happiness and confidence! Also a good luck piece!

50¢ or  
Half a buck

If your newsstand doesn't carry the SICK Birthday Special, or is sold out, send 50¢ to  
**SICK ANNUAL**  
32 West 22 Street  
New York, N.Y., 10010

Prompt mailing guaranteed!